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Truitt, John G.	Twelve Little Lead Pencils

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TWELVE LITTLE LEAD PENCILS

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Little Acre

TWELVE LITTLE LEAD PENCILS

By

John Galloway Truitt

Continued Progress At The Home
for Children 124
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troduction

My memory covers a scope of many years.

With no attempt at perfection, or literary
yle, I have written out of my memory and other
urces some of the events along the trail.

I agree that it should have been written
re carefully but the language I learned as a
ild remains much with me. Let it be. The
nguage of one reared in humble surroundings
ong giant oaks and running brooks may savor
mething beautiful and praiseworthy.

Enough may be found here to bring credit to
e little home and the Christian upbringing. I
pe to show gratitude also to countless others
o helped me on the way.

These lines are left to Adelia with love.

John Galloway Truitt

rch 11, 1971
on College, North Carolina

hapter One - The House On The Forest Edge

The home of my parents, Harrison Lee Truitt nd Elizabeth Simpson Truitt, was constructed of oughly hewn logs cut from the surrounding forest n Rockingham County, North Carolina, about twenty iles from Greensboro and thirty from Winston- alem. Nearest railway station was seven miles way. It was really two small houses, the "big ouse" and the kitchen connected by a roofed-over assageway. There was an upstairs room under the oof of the "big house", and an attic-like room pstairs over the kitchen. Plenty of room for he six boys and the little baby girl!

A much adored place in the large kitchen as the wide fireplace with its blazing, cheerful ire, or its slow smoldering coals. Whoever has ot enjoyed the same, as more than a fireplace n a wintertime but infrequently used, has missed omething.

The Old Fireplace

Amidst my verse I'll save a space
For memory of the old fireplace;
Its laughing flames and fragrant air
Were something sweet beyond compare;
When winter bit our hands and toes,
And water in our kitchen froze,
We liked to watch the blazing wood
And turn ourselves as there we stood,
Till we were warm on every side,
And grateful for our hearth so wide.

There on the porch outside the door
We kept a stack of wood in store,
Some dry, some green, some big, some small,
The old fireplace would need it all.
Around that fire we had such fun
At end of day when chores were done;
Warmed by its embers and its flames
We read our books and played our games,
And when we were quiet, funniest thing,
The fire would talk, and laugh, and sing!

This old fireplace was often used for cooking, oiling pot of beans or other vegetables. On the rth, near the smoldering embers, a heavy iron n on three legs and covered with an iron cover ch held a quantity of hot embers. It made a d place for baking bread or even pies and cakes.

The kitchen also contained a small iron wood- rning stove, a kitchen safe, a three-corner walnut board, a homemade table, a wooden bench, and fficient chairs to seat our hungry and growing ily. Also in this same room stood a double bed perly posted and corded and fitted with a wheat- raw mattress, muslin sheets and handmade, beautiful ilts. Upstairs were two more beds, space for hang- g clothes, and, of all things an "office"! It was large handmade affair with desk and bookshelves. "library", among the books, a small Bible, a New stament, school textbooks, Sunday school literature, ums Almanac, a Jay Lynn Catalogue and a Sears and ebuck Catalogue, and, as my daddy would say, the ke o' that!

The "big house" faced the county road. The etty front yard was something to remember, with s wide walkway from the big stone steps at the ont door to road. On either side of the walk s a line of quartz rock of carefully selected ze and gathered from the fields of the farm. ringtime was hailed with buttercup, daffodils, d hyacinths. Shrubs were althea, arbor vitea, great oak and a big blackgum tree. Across the ad were cherry trees, damson trees and service ees, and along the road, great seasonal favorites family and friends.

The old home was kept clean and cozy in the nter and cool and clean in the summer. There were wering oak trees for shade in summer and firewood om the forest in winter. The walls of the big room the "big house" were whitewashed with a strange ue-white clay, which was dissolved and 'painted' to the walls. Dry it was beautiful, odorless and ite. The floors of ten-inch wide, knot free,

oak boards. They were scrubbed until they were clean. My mother thought cleanliness was next to Godliness and she was a very devout advocate of both.

Chapter Two - Honor Thy Father and Mother

From my earliest recollection Mother owned a Singer sewing machine. She was adept at making it sing and sew. She made our clothes, most of them, and to do that along with all her other work she did was a chore and a joy. Consider growing cotten, picking it, seeding it, carding it into battens for use in making quilts. Some of this I can remember helping her to do.

In those days the front room was not only our living room, the largest bedroom with two beds, but it was also the company room. The pretty lace curtains at the windows made this bright spot even more beautiful. The clock on the mantle had on each side of it a dried arrangement of heads of meadow grass. A short winding stairway led upstairs to a bed and clothes-storing room.

Mother was a good cook and a hard worker. I can emphasize that by saying she bore eight children. Two of her sons died in childhood - Junior, age four, of diphtheria; and Roy Lee, age nine, of an undetermined disease in his abdomen. Roy only a little more than a year younger than me made us a pair, strangers sometimes thought we were twins. His death hit us all very hard. I often humbly hoped I might do enough to make up something of his share.

My father was full-chested, wide shouldered and not quite as tall as my mother, nor quite as old. I was his firstborn, and when he was only twenty-two. He was a very hard worker. Whenever the task or piece of work was done and all went well he possessed a charming, outgoing personality. In such a mood I adored him. He was looked on by his neighbors as a ready helper who knew how to get any community work job done. He never met a stranger. He seemed able to make himself understood easily although he had very little "book larnin'". His honesty and business integrity were never questioned. He was often quick tempered, and sometimes a bit heavy-handed with a branch from a nearby tree. We learned early to receive and obey orders.

We received our water from a deep well only a few feet from our kitchen door. It stood in the center of a rooftop which extended from the smokehouse door. In that smokehouse we hung and smoked our meat. How often my mother would turn to it by early dawn with a little lamp in her hand for slices of ham or shoulder or side meat.

Mother's Little Lamp

The lamp my mother held in hand
    Was a little lamp you understand,
But in the morning by break of day
    She'd pick it up and haste away
To the smokehouse for some meat
    For her farmer folk to eat;
And by its light she would prepare
    Ham and eggs and coffee rare.

With this lamp she'd climb the stairs
    To darn and sew and make repairs;
And oftentimes to be alone
    To lift her heart to heaven's throne;
Or kneel beside a trundle bed
    And comfort there a troubled head;
She brought more than lamp in hand,
    She brought the gift to understand.

Little lamp, you are dear to me,
    Though a modern lamp you've come to be;
No longer now you burn your oil,
    Nor are you held by hands of toil
But the light you gave I'll never forget,
    'Tis shining on my pathway yet;
In Mother's hand you did your part
    And left your shining in my heart!

- from Happiness and Other Poems

In mid summer the cool dirt floor of the smokehouse would be almost covered with melons, watermelons, muskmelons, and cantaloupes, from the farm. Father sometimes carried a load of them to town and sold them from the wagon on the street.

Chapter Three - The Winter Wonderland

Always from early childhood I have liked the out-of-doors. I did not know really which one of the four seasons I like best. For me it seemed to be the season at hand. I loved nature, its grasses and wild flowers, its forest and field, streams and mountains, and its skies both high and low.

Wild Flowers

How sweet are pretty roses,
So fragrant and so mild;
I've loved their perfect beauty
Since I was but a child;
But, ah! those wild flowers,
To God not one is wild.

He plants them in their season,
He strews them everywhere,
And gives them like the lilies,
His tender love and care;
Wherever the winds may blow them
They find Him waiting there.

I've learned this lovely lesson
Along the road I've trod,
Our children are like flowers
That grow in fertile sod,
While all do need our tending,
Not one is wild to God.

* from Happiness and Other Poems

Winter was without doubt best of all. For one thing it brought school which I always liked. I liked its books, its pencils, its pupils, and its teacher. From the first reader in the little one-room, four-months school, to the last lesson and growing library a new book in my hand was a great joy. In the summertime on rainy days I read my First Reader over again and again, and would tell my mother. Her radiant smile of approval was a rich reward. Indeed each of us children were readers.

The winter brought snow to our fields and forests. Covered were our familiar roads, paths, shrubs, barns, all. Pretty to see it falling, and thrilling to see it next morning so smooth and unbroken, tree branches and shrubs bending low beneath their heavy loads.

Winter Cover

See the snowflakes
So tiny, so small,
Wrapping the fields,
And gardens all;
Covering them up
So deep, so white,
Tucking them in
For winter's night
Beneath the blanket
So soft, so deep
Tomorrow's flowers
Are fast asleep
Till fairies come
First spring day
And winter's blanket
Is lifted away.

- from A Verse To Cheer

Among the top thrills was to walk to school through the snow, and to be one of the few pupils who braved it. The classes were irregular and the fellowship with pupils and teacher was priceless.

In winter there were a few times when icicles hung from the eves of our home and sometimes covered the bark on the side of the great oakes. I remember how I used to watch tiny drops of melting ice crawl slowly, daddyingly, down the tree trunk when the sun warmed it up a little.

When night came there was supper after all chores were done, cows milked and fed, horses watered and fed, plenty of firewood and cookstove wood put in a proper place. Supper in winter might be bread and milk, some sausage, or other fresh meat. And maybe molasses made from our own cane at the mill at Coz. Tom Lester's. After supper there were lessons to be studied, and games to be played. Mother taught the little ones to pray a "Now I lay me down to sleep" prayer. By the time I was seven or eight she began having one and all to gather together for family prayers. If my father was tired from a hard day's work he would be in bed sound asleep while we children awaited mother's wish. One of us boys read the Scripture and we all knelt down and she led in a prayer. Perhaps her work was not yet done as, at last, the younger of us hustled off to bed. My older brothers never left her in the lurch.

One of my favorite games was debating. We would select a subject such as Resolved, That Columbus was greater than Washington. The four oldest of us would pair off, and we spoke impromptu. Our parents were judges. This simple practice proved to be valuable in years ahead.

I cannot mention the winter evenings without referring to the beautiful, warm fire again, and the roasting of sweet potatoes in the hot embers and ashes, or the peanuts parched in the old skillet, or popcorn in the corn popper. Such was fun, and especially when a couple of cousins would come to spend the night with us.

Chapter Four - The Boy In Beautiful Springtime

In those years school was over the fourth Friday in February, and that meant that March and spring were soon at hand. There would be fresh eggs, mostly for barter at the nearby country store in exchange for spools of cotton thread, sugar, coffee, salt and soda; and once in a while a white round stick of chewing gum or a few sticks of peppermint candy.

My favorite luxury was a one-cent lead pencil. A slate pencil was fun, but a lead pencil was a fortune. There were so many things one could do with a pencil. To be sure pencils were proper for school, but school was only one third of the year. I remember having twelve pennies which I earned washing the dishes for Mother when she had a hurt hand. These I gave the merchant for twelve lead pencils. Since I was afraid I might be chided for buying so many pencils I hid them away in an empty beehive box. Later a long spring rain soaked them open at the seams and my little lead pencils were ruined. However, these very lines I am writing with a little lead pencil seventy years later.

Springtime was barefoot time. How pleasant it was to race across freshly plowed fields! Spring meant also that there was real work to do. From earliest childhood there was work. If we were too young to handle an axe in cutting down trees for new ground we could pile the brush cut off of them. A very small boy was big enough to watch over a baby while all the others were at work hardby. It did not seem to matter how young we were there was small chance of escaping work. My folks were unafraid of work, in fact they said they loved it. Now that I am much older I know for myself they meant it.

You cannot keep a boy of eight, all else being equal, from being happy. We loved our home, our school, our church, and our neighbors and friends. Work did come as a necessity, but there was time for play. Oftimes work itself, in getting things done, was as good as play. And if there were but little time to play one could learn to play faster.

In spring came Easter! We learned the meaning of Easter at church and Sunday School. We liked Easter. It had all it needed to make it a happy time. Beside its divine significance there was the warming sun, the singing birds, the growing grasses, the blossoming flowers, the budding shrubs, the leafing trees and the laying hens.

One of the very enjoyable things the children of our community did was the hiding of freshly laid eggs a few weeks before Easter. We thought we were fooling our parents, and we were running a race with our playmates to see who could bring in most Saturday before Easter Sunday. We would bring in a few eggs every day but keep some back to hide. Several dozen extra eggs would show up on Saturday evening before Easter. We would count them and compare them with our neighboring boys and girls.

Our parents acted surprised and enjoyed our happiness with us. Eggs were cooked in abundance, all could have as many as they wanted at mealtime or between meals any time Sunday or Easter Monday.

Chapter Five - A Dreamer Stood Among Us

As a boy of eight it seemed very strange to hear grownups say they looked forward to the beginning of the twentieth century. I was born in 1891. James, my oldest brother, was in the finishing class of our public school and would enter Whitsett Institute, near Gibsonville, N. C., in September 1901. Here in one year he earned enough credits to secure a certificate to teach school in our native county of Rockingham.

James was my half-brother, as were Howard and Reuben. When their father, Spencer Truitt died, our mother married Harrison Lee Truitt, the late Spencer Truitt's nephew. I am his firstborn child. Their children grew up as one family with one name.

It was a great day of decision that day in the fall of the year when four of us brothers were in the tobacco field suckering the early morning, dew-wet tobacco plants when James stood up from his work and announced that his much pondered decision was made, namely, that he was going today off to school. With a small borrowed suitcase and a few dollars he was soon off to the Summerfield railway station where he entrained for Gibsonville, N. C., and Whitsett Institute.

James Spencer Truitt

'T was a day with which to reckon,
Hopes and dreams were there to beckon,
When a dreamer stood among us straight and cool;
Stood he up and stopped his farming,
In a way which seemed alarming
At that moment turned away to go to school.

• • • • •

Off at school he set to doing
Many things his dream pursuing,
And paid with labor everything he had to pay;
Late at night and early morning,
Nothing honest was he scorning,
He knew he'd have to work to pay his way.

- from Shoes of Iron and Brass

James taught two years before he entered Elon College, where he graduated in 1911. He received a special award at commencement exercises. He was a high school principal for more than forty years.

Howard graduated at Whitsett in 1907. He received his degree at Elon in 1910, a year earlier than James because he went directly from Whitsett to Elon. He began preaching while in college and remained in college to get his M.A. degree. He later received a B.D. degree from McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago.

Reuben entered Elon in 1909. And in 1910, because of the short session of Bethany High, I entered the preparatory department for three spring months. Thus, four of us brothers were at Elon at one time. As far as I know it is an Elon record. We were all helping each other. It finally turned out that the six of us had nine degrees from Elon and four postgraduate degrees from the University of Virginia, New York University, McCormick and Princeton Seminaries. And I am proud to say we have each tried to walk humbly and serve gladly.

Reuben began his away from home schooling by going one year to Whitsett Institute. The following year he attended a private preparatory school in our county, the Reidsville Seminary. He then taught in the public schools. Later he entered Elon graduating as a ministerial student in 1919. He had married Cora Annie Sharpe and was principal of the elementary school in the town of Elon College while my brother Bryan and I were freshman and junior respectively. We roomed in Reuben's home one year at Elon.

Reuben began as a minister in our denomination, the Christian Church. He then took courses in Duke Divinity School and became a Methodist. Eventually he and his family became members of the Pillar of Fire Church based at Zaraphath, New Jersey. He became a radio and evangelistic preacher.

Bryan and I graduated in 1917. Bryan with the A. B. degree and I with A. B. and M. A. He served in World War I and when it was over became an educator. Received his M. A. from studies at University of Virginia and Chicago University. He received his D. Ed degree from New York University, and spent many years in the Norfolk, Virginia school system. He was a faithful and devout member, teacher, and official of the First Baptist Church of Norfolk.

Essie Mae, our only sister, entered Elon in 1917 and graduated in 1921. She majored in music and added diplomas in voice and piano to her degree. She was elected Queen of May in her senior year, and received the Moffett Essayist Medal on her graduation day. During her teaching career she married Bob Simpson, president of the Stokesdale Bank. In her retirement she owns and operates our parental home and farm.

Twenty-one years from the time James caught the train at Summerfield, the sixth and last of us came home from Elon.

I began my schooling at a one-room school two miles from home. One of the most pleasant things was the going to and from school. A dozen boys and girls joined us along the little dirt road. When the school day was over we really rested ourselves by running, calling, playing as we went on our way home.

The school term was four months. It began around the last of October, and closed eighty school days later about the last of February. It really surprises me as I look back on those days as to how much one learned going to such short-termed schools. To our team the purpose for the going and the joy of learning were it. What else was a school for? There was only one recess, that was for lunch and play. Th other hours were for learning your lesson, and being mischievous.

It may surprise you if I here confess that I got about as many switchings and as much loving as anyone in the school. The brevity and concentration of those months in school must have caused us to prize the privilege of learning.

A country boy in those days did not get all his learning in school. He had just enough to get a good taste of it. I was predisposed to like it because my three studious older brothers brought enough into the home for me to feel the wonder and glamor of it.

And, for instance, the mail order catalogue was eye opener, and carried you places. The Blum's Almar was necessary, and the family Bible was loved, with beautiful pictures, and it was read, and taught, in r ways than one. Running brooks, clearing new ground, planting seed, growing crops, milking cows, raising tending horses and colts, growing hogs, feeding chick running out of rain, watching the ways of coming sto clouds, experiencing the first light of dawn, watchi its glow coming, seeing the sunrise and sunset, coun the stars in open unmolested skies, all, and more, ma good summer collateral reading. A boy could learn s thing good just being a country boy. He didn't have await a holiday or camping trip, as fine as these ar He had it. It was his whole year around.

A Country Boy

A country boy knows clouds and skies,
Reflects the starlight in his eyes;
He feels the urge to be a man,
In tune with some majestic plan
As hinted at in sun and sod,
A country boy walks close to God.

A country boy loves rain and shine,
The sharp new moon, the singing pine;
He dreams fair dreams of things to come,
And whistles tunes which others hum;
He catches fish with line and rod,
And thinks the world belongs to God.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

I could recognize and write my ABCs before I started to school. My parents thought that was a good omen, although I am sure they would not have used that word. The four or five children in our beginning class would gather around our very kind teacher, Miss Sophia Kernodle, whenever she called us. We named the letters of the alphabet, or repeated them with her coaching. Sounds out of date now, but it meant a great deal to us then. She was someone beyond our homefolks we could love and trust. A little child is beginning good horizons when he can learn that.

What a page in that first book. There were the letters of the alphabet: capital letters, small letters, script letters. What a chance to learn! In a few days we learned them, and how to put them into words. Before the brief four months were over most of us could read any page in the little primer, and if you could do that what could stop you? Especially when your mother praised you and your dad seemed pleased.

Sometimes, by the subscription of parents, twenty days were added to the regular session. This was called "subscription school". I was permitted to attend that school at the close of my first year. Miss Nora McCollum, a next farm neighbor home from teaching in another school, taught us. We concentrated on reading, counting and writing. It was fun, differen and fast, and we liked it.

Being a little too mischievous was a part of my trouble, or fun, however you looked at it. During my second, third and fourth years Miss Mamie Bennett was our teacher. She occasionally kept some of us in after school, and sometimes gave me, along with one or two others, a switching. It must not have bothered me very much for I adored her, and indeed, she granted me many favors. For instance, she sometimes taught English to the upper grades by reading a story and asking them to write it from memory and hand it in on Friday. I sought and was given the privilege of entering that exercise. I considered this a great favor, and she seemed pleased with my papers.

On the folded face of the paper she graded: content, composition, spelling, grammar. For each of these she gave a separate grade. How about that!

Our little white church, Mt. Pethel, was less than a mile from our home. It had much influence on our lives. I liked seeing many of my schoolmates each Sunday at Sunday school. Once a month there was preaching at 11:00 o'clock. We always remained for that, yes, remained because it was sometimes nearly 1:00 before we had dinner which was late for those who ate weekdays at 11:30.

The minister frequently visited us, and we all liked his visits. Sometimes he would arrive Saturday morning about noon and remain as our guest until Sunday afternoon. The Rev. L. I. Cox who lived in the Elon College town was pastor of our church when I was from eight to fourteen years of age. He used to talk with my older brothers about Whitsett Institute, two miles from Elon College. He wanted them to prepare for Elon. His Bible reading and prayers brought a fitting close to many evenings, and made of him a lifelong friend.

As early as our pastor could persuade anyone of us to accept a place of responsibility in the Sunday School or church he gave us some job to do, as he did others of our young people. It was under his leadership Mother adopted the plan of family prayers each evening at bedtime. And believe me this Bible-reading and prayers saved the day for us many times. The Rev. Mr. Cox was known as an organizer and builder of churches. He was honored in many homes as a builder of men.

Among the churches he organized and saw to their being built are the First Christian Church in Reidsville, the First Christian Church in Greensboro, the Lebanon Christian Church in Rockingham County, and Monticello Christian Church at Browns Summit, N. C. There may have been others but these I know personally and have preached in each of them.

teacher in Mt. Bethel my home church, Mrs. J. Q. Barham. Her class of boys and girls loved her dearly. To each of us she was "Aunt Jane". I shall never forget her devotion to us. She had many ways of being kind, besides being an excellent teacher. It was Christmas Day near noon. Winter sun shone brightly on field and forest and her kindly invitation to Christmas dinner was being answered by the noisy arrival of a dozen and more happy children. She and members of her family met us at the door and in our childish awe we were quieting down into a sort of Sunday School quietness as we entered their home. Inside were warmth and the fragrance of baked turkey, mashed potatoes, gravy, cakes and pies. She called me aside and taught me a grace to say at the table. The odd little lines helped us to be unafraid and happy:

"O Lord, make us able
To eat all on the table
And all in the pot,
And please let us have it
While it's hot. Amen"

To each of us it was a pretty prayer. And to Him who loves little children it must have been also. It has helped in my love of little children across the years.

In my fifth year in school an additional classroom had been added and now dear old Rich Hill school had two rooms. How eagerly we entered school that year! It was during that term our county school system gave us a small library. My brother Howard, handy with hammer and saw, made the cabinet, which contained shelves for the books, and doors and lock and key. I "prided myself" on reading every book in that small collection. I have been in many libraries since, ah! but that was the first!

A redistricting of school districts placed our home, my sixth year, in the Barham school district. We had about the same distance to walk to school. I felt like it was in a different neighborhood, for no longer did we pass our postoffice and store, and church in going to it.

The autumn of 1907 marked a turning point for me. I entered a preparatory school in Reidsville, called Reidsville Seminary. At that time there was no high school in our community.

Living in town was a new experience. I was being looked after by a favorite uncle, Jim Simpson, Aunt May and Clara their daughter older than I. They were good and kind to me causing me to miss my home much less. They had lived in our section and attended our Sunday School and church. Their lovely home impressed me. They gave me a pretty room, served good food. We had many good times together. I sought to repay them by being a delivery boy for Uncle Jim's busy grocery store. I enjoyed my job very much, gathering new experiences with customers here and there all over the small city.

Let me recall a funny experience. I had walked with a Thanksgiving live turkey under my arm, holding him by the neck, to Lindsey Street, but had forgotten the house number on that street. It was a grocery boy's privilege to knock at the back door, which I did and told the lady I wanted to use her phone as I had forgotten a customer's house number. She graciously got Uncle Jim on the telephone. I said Hello, Uncle Jim, where is this turkey taking me? He gave a hearty laugh and told me the street number. I thanked the lady and was on my way. As the months passed I made many friends with the regular customers. My father sometimes said years earlier: "Be kind to everybody especially old people and colored people". I didn't need to be coached on that, for I had inherited it from and seen it in my mother.

They were happy days. I loved the big rambling white framed school building, rooms added on as the school's popularity increased, a wide lawn among lovely homes and towering trees. The boys and girls were from good homes in rural sections with no, not yet, high schools. The school was run by Mrs. A. M. Hayes, wife of the Superintendent of the Rockingham County Public Schools. I was very fond of Mrs. Hayes. She seemed to take a real interest in me and in my future.

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The members of the faculty were well trained, and were excellent teachers. I shall never forget Miss Adele Crawford, my English teacher. She understood my poor language background and sensed my interest in, and effort toward better speaking and writing. Already I had memorized several Psalms and poems. She encouraged me to continue my earlier efforts at verse writing. She asked me to offer one of my poems to the local newspaper, The Reidsville Review. When I saw it in print I was surprised and thrilled.

Included in the faculty was an elocution teacher. Her class I liked very much and I shared in some of the plays which she offered occasionally to the public as a part of the school's regular program. My two years in this school added considerably to the air castle I was wont to make in earlier days.

During the first of these two years my brother Reuben and three other boys teamed up in two upstairs rooms over a business building downtown and kept bachelors' quarters. These boys were a comfort and encouragement to me and I stopped in for a visit frequently as I passed their place. In my second year Reuben joined James and Howard in school at Elon College and I took his place in the batching team. I cooked breakfast, another lunch, another supper, and the fourth made the two double beds and cleaned house. What food, what housekeeping, perhaps much better than you think!

That was an additional prize experience. They, Robert Lasley, Robert King, and Jesse Roberts, were excellent fellows, and made good successes. I kept with them for several years. Now I only see occasionally Jesse Roberts, who became a lawyer and was in his day in North Carolina legislature its youngest member. He is now a judge in Madison, N. C. Lasley became a building contractor, and King a men's clothing merchant. Once in a while I meet some one who shared those days now many years ago. A lot of water has gone over the dam in the succeeding years.

By the time I did that second year in Reidsville the new Bethany High School building was about finished. It was located in the area of the old Barham school, which it closed. Back home I came to do my last year in high school. Being Bethany's first year, it was short of funds and closed its first term in March.

Thus that circumstance saw me in Elon College preparatory department last of March till first of June 1910. Now that was some sort of a record, four Truitt brothers were students at Elon at the same time. We lived in a boys' clubhouse where James was clubmanager for his room and board. He procured the groceries, hired the cooking, paid the rent on the building and all the club members shared the expenses. How much I appreciated them and this arrangement. I was learning in a happy but hard way.

Chapter Eight - From Coal Cars To Classrooms

Following my Elon preparatory months I found a laborer's job that summer hauling coal from the Elon railroad station to Ossippee Cotton Mills seven miles away. Chester A. Hughes was my employer. The first half of the summer Guerney McPherson worked with me, the second part of the summer a young Negro, Sam Johnson, and I worked together. Mr. Hughes furnished us two wagons and two pairs of mules. My co-laborers lived in his own home. I had room and board at the Hugheses.

By moving steadily along we could make two trips daily. It was plenty good exercise loading two tons of coal into each wagon by hand, shovel after shovel, under the hot summer sun at that. Good food, good exercise and good sleep at night was good for me.

As I rode along that dirt road behind my team I had plenty time to think and dream. I could remember my upbringing, my church and Sunday School, my mother's prayers for each of us, and I often recited the line: "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want".

During wet seasons of the summer the dirt roads became muddy and deeply cut up with our heavy loads. We devised a way of unhitching a team and quickly attaching it to the other. It was inspiring to see the four strong, well-trained mules hitched tandem awaiting the word to go. When all was exactly ready I would lift the handful of tightened lines and give a sharp quick teamster's cluck. As one at once they would level down to the load and the wagon moved forward.

To me that has been a lifelong lesson in a laboratory test of teamwork.

In no time at all the four mules were hitched to the second wagon and soon we were on our way. The lesson learned from that simple experience has lifted many a load in the profession I was to follow and was worth much more than the forty-five dollars I received for my summer's work.

Back home at the end of the summer, with only y small sum it seemed impossible to go to college hat year. I went to the superintendent of our ounty schools, and asked him for a school to teach. adn't I had three years of high school study, and art of it at Elon College?

He handed me a long list of questions designed or the securing of teaching certificates, and told e to find a quiet place upstairs in the big court- oom and see how many of them I could answer! In ive minutes or more I was back in his office with ot one answered, although I could have perhaps nswered several of them, as they were based on he subjects taught then in elementary schools. told him I was too tired from my hard work all ummer, but that I was confident I could teach in ne of his small schools. He knew my folks and as well acquainted with my oldest brother's eaching. He looked me over, and gave me a first rade teacher's certificate, and sent me that hour o the Grassy Springs one-room school with my ertificate and his approval. There were three ommitteemen living in different sections of the istrict. I saw one of them that afternoon. He ave his consent, if the other two agreed. I spent he night at the second one's home, and next morning was hired, and by noon I was back home.

At home I helped with tobacco curing, and elling, and sowing the wheat crop. Last of October was having my first experience at school teaching. t was indeed quite an experience. One fairly large oom with sixty pupils, some of them almost as old s I was, and with some in each of the seven grades. s the end of the four months school neared the ommittee arranged for an additional month of subscription" school, which pleased me plenty.

That spring and summer I remained in the home f the chairman of the school committee, E. Huston ebb, where I lived while teaching. I worked for im on his farm. He made me a good offer, and he nd his lovely family were always very kind to me, o I remained with them till autumn. That was a reat year. It happened that Mr. Webb used part of

his rather large home as a hunting lodge in the fall. Therefore, in the month of November, while I was teaching, four men from Attleboro, Massachusetts joined us. We all ate at the same table and enjoyed lively conversations. They learned that I expected to become a minister, which they respected but with one accord advised that there were good openings in business. They too, like the Webbs, were generous and kind to me.

That fall I entered Elon College as a freshman. I paid my entrance fee but hesitated to sign up as a ministerial student. President W. A. Harper allowed me to wait awhile on that decision. It was a big decision to make. There were, I thought, several other avenues ahead. But I could not get away from the idea of being a minister. Around fourteen I had confided in my mother that I felt I was called to preach. It was at sunset, she and I were on our way to a revival meeting at a neighboring church, at which the minister had announced that services would begin at "early candlelight". Since the church was lighted by wall lamps I thought it a pretty way to say early, at twilight. Mother was very pleased. I could tell by her smile, her sparkling eyes, and the silence before she said, "God will bless you". I felt that maybe the words were a fervent prayer, and to this day I have every reason to believe God heard and answered it.

Back to those first freshman weeks at Elon. After a few weeks President Harper called me into his office counselled with me, told me it was about time for me to make my decision, and asked me to pray over it, and to let him know in a few days.

That afternoon alone I walked into a deep forest nearby and under a great oak tree I prayed. I felt I was alone with God and earnestly seeking His guidance and asked Him to help me to make the right decision. There I decided and signed next day as a ministerial student.

During this freshman year at college I roomed with my brother James in the home of M. A. Reitzel. Our room cost us less and was even better. We had our

meals in the college diningroom. We made life-long friends of the Reitzels and their two children, Annie Lawrence and Nannie D.

Since college-speaking became a sort of major with me let me here tell of my first public speech. It was on a Friday afternoon during my pre-school days. My brothers had asked me to go with them for a day at school and to the monthly Friday afternoon speech making. When several pupils would "say speeches". The teacher asked if anyone else knew a speech, whereupon I promptly went forward, took my stance and surprised myself and others by saying: "Stop, look and listen, railway crossing"! They laughed and applauded. You know what? That was more than seventy years ago, and I still like to make a speech!

May I digress again to my boyhood days when I followed my older brothers a night each week to the schoolhouse where a group of young married farmers and younger men met to debate on current topics just for the joy of it. As I followed along I hoped for a day when I could make a speech like them.

During my freshman year I was chosen to represent Elon in a statewide intercollegiate oratorical contest. To do this one must win in an all-class oratorical contest. Although there were upper-classmen in the contest it was my good fortune to win. The contest was held in State College in Raleigh where I received third place, in honorable mention. And though I had lost in Raleigh, I had won a place in future campus occasions.

Later on in the year I was a team-member in a debate between the Clio and Philogian literary societies, our team won. Following that I entered an annual contest in our Society for the year's gold medal as champion speaker. I lost. When I came to the platform I addressed the male audience: "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen"! Such an obvious error won for me an

audience horselaugh! I went ahead, but was humiliated and lost all the way.

For me what seemed so unfortunate at the time was indeed a blessing. After the necessary formalities I escaped alone and took refuge in the blackness of the night. In the dark in the middle of the college baseball field. I knelt and acknowledged my just defeat in humble prayer. I felt so little, and asked God's forgiveness for feeling so cocksure. I would win that medal. There I asked the good Lord to give me an humble and contrite spirit, which ordinarily I had a fair portion of, and an humble and dependent approach toward speaking from that day forward. There were no ladies present and smarty freshman had the horse laugh coming to him.

In what should have been my second college year I had to drop out to teach again. I went back to the Grassy Springs school where I taught before, but my successor had been reemployed, but at the suggestion of the committee the county superintendent made an acceptable place in another school and I taught again at Grassy Springs.

About the time that term was finished my father was badly crippled when his team hitched to an empty wood-hauling frame wagon ran away with him. The loose frame upset and he was dragged by a leg until a neighbor raced to the horses and stopped them. A broken leg, and rib, and a badly bruised face kept him away from work until fall, nearly seven months. I came in handy as the managing farmer for those months.

At autumn 1913 I returned to Elon. We were all so thankful for father's fairly complete recovery. This time my youngest brother Bryan was with me. He entered the freshman class. He was luckier than the older ones of us. He entered public school at six years of age and went straight on through high school and into college. He got his degree a month before he was twenty-one.

During my college days oratory and public speaking was being emphasized in colleges and universities. Since I had shown some evidence of talent along that line, and had had training in the Reidsville Seminary, I made a study and practice of it. Indeed a few students did ask me to help them with their speeches. Among them Russell Bradford, Shelton Smith, and my brother Bryan. They were gifted and each of them became interested and on their own became good public speakers.

I had the joy of seeing Bryan while in the freshman class win the privilege of representing Elon in the State intercollegiate contest. He won in the state contest in what is now University

During the spring of my junior year I began supplying the pulpit of Pleasant Grove Christian Church in Halifax County, Virginia. This was one of the largest rural churches in our Conference. It had Sunday School every Sunday, and an itinerant pastor to preach monthly, Saturday afternoon and on Sunday. My railway ticket was $2.25 from Elon to News Ferry, Virginia. Between Bryan and I there was enough for the ticket with a quarter left to spare.

When I arrived at the station wearing my rather outgrown blue serge I was met at the station by a typical Virginia gentleman, Mr. E. T. Pierce and his Negro driver in a double rig. He was one of the original trustees of Elon College, a handsome and kindly gentleman. I felt very humble, and said humorously to myself "this cotton is too high for me"! We drove to the lovely home surrounded by wide fields and deep forest. Mr. Pierce knew how, and did, make me feel comfortable or as nearly so as possible. Mrs. Pierce was saintly, lovely, with a quiet and gracious dignity. Mr. Jennings Sipe, their son-in-law and Mrs. Sipe were very kind. They were 1899 graduates of President Harper's class

The Sipes and I went to the church for the Saturday afternoon service. It was a lovely church in a beautiful setting. On Saturday afternoon it ha a small but devout congregation. Back home we had a beautifully served dinner and a pleasant evening sharing Elon experiences, and a good night's sleep. When I awoke next morning there was a blanket of snow already a few inches deep and steadily coming down. With my twenty-five cents how would I get back to Elon? How many people would be at church? Would I receive the stipend of $15.00 which I expected?

In the home at breakfast we all greeted each other with cheerful surprises which an unexpected, beautifully falling, snow brings. I was laughing on the outside but praying on the inside. In due time the carriage with its curtains was waiting at the gate. The Sipes and I braved the rapidly

falling snow. When the hour for worship arrived there were eleven persons, counting the preacher, present. I hoisted a couple of hymns, said a prayer, introduced myself, made a few remarks, had an usher receive the morning offering including my last quarter. Then I preached. We sang two verses of a familiar hymn and had the benediction, but the treasurer was not present. His brother took the offering for him, and we were off with my friends for home!

Well, what could I do? Beg, borrow, or - well, I just didn't want to do either of those three things. The dinner was gay, good and pretty. Lovely diningroom, roast turkey and a gentleman who knew how to serve it. I sat at his right hand and during the meal he saw to it that I had something of everything to the final cake and coffee. But how, oh how, would I brave this affluence with my poor stammering tongue. I couldn't see the "green pastures", they looked cold and white to me now!

I was too full to want, so all I could do was to trust the Lord, and bide my time. The meal over Mr. Pierce suggested that he and I go into the sitting room where we would be more comfortable. Standing there together near the big stove he fumbled in his vest pocket and unfolded a five dollar bill. Passing it to me, he said, "Brother Truitt, here's a little gift. Maybe they didn't give you anything at the church on a day like this".! My mother's easy tears sort of clouded my eyes as I confessed my dilemma. To have his folks rejoice with him and me, he went back in the diningroom, and I left for the railway station in good time with a few additional dollars in my pocket.

On the back of an old rocking chair in my home was a cover my mother had crocheted for it which had the words "Jehovah-Jirah" which she told me as a boy that it meant "Jehovah will provide". I thought of that as the wheels of the train carried me back to Flon. My next trip Mr. Pierce, out at the big barn, gave me another five and remarked that "It is yours and not the church's, and do not let anyone fix it any other way".

I had been supplying the Pleasant Grove pulp the Rev. Victor Lightbourne, the Southern Convent evangelist. Two Sundays a month I served as past two nearby churches in Graham, N. C., Old Provide Church, and the Graham Church. I had spent the s in Graham in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Montg The Rev. Mr. Lightbourne resigned the Pleasant Gr ministry as he was giving fulltime to his evangel work in the Convention churches. I was elected p of the church, to preach there monthly on the fir Sunday. Prior to my postgraduate year at Elon I the summer in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McAd in the town of Elon College. There began a very lovely acquaintanceship and friendship. Their's was one of the best homes in the town and it was good summer. I made good lifelong friends of the

The summer was very busy and pleasant. Much time was spent weekends visiting in the community of the church where I would preach on that Sunday An evangelistic meeting was held one week in each of the churches. In the three churches I was serving these meetings were popular and bore good fruit. The people were refreshed and there were those who made decisions for Christ.

I served Mt. Herman and Antioch only the one year. After which I was asked to serve the afore mentioned Graham churches. And I continued with them and Pleasant Grove in Virginia until I recei my A.B. and M.A. degrees in 1917. My brother Bry and I graduated in the same class. I made up an hour I lacked in my senior year and qualified for the post graduate degree.

The summer of 1917 I was offered the privile of room and board in the Pierce home for chores I could do for them. Mrs. Pierce with a frail body and weak heart was ordered by her doctor sometime ago to refrain from climbing the steps upstairs. Their colored man was carrying her upstairs nightly as she did not like to sleep downstairs. I fell heir to that chore, which I considered a privilege.

Mr. Pierce had died of heart failure while I was their pastor. I had had his funeral. He was a fine Christian and a dear friend. They were glad for me to be at home with them. Mr. Sipe worked for the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company. Miss Dunn, a niece of Mrs. Pierce's, made her home with them. To me, as with so many others, she was "Cousin Lydia", a dear and good friend.

The family connections were large and close. Three Farmer daughters married Pierce, Dunn, Carlton. When I knew them they had made their places, and had their growing, and grown grandchildren. Only Mr. Dunn had passed away.

During the summer I was offered a position in Palmer College, Albany, Missouri. However, the Sipes helped me to secure the principalship of the Oak Level High School for which position one had to have an M.A. degree and a Virginia high school seven year certificate which I had.

I accepted the high school principalship and resigned the Graham churches as of September the first. The school served a large district including our Ingram, Va. church. Dr. C. E. Newman resigned that one of his three churches in my favor. We increased the services at the Pleasant Grove and Ingram Churches to two alternating services twice a month.

I enjoyed very much my time with the Graham churches. Graham is an old courthouse town of people whom I learned and knew and loved: Hardens, Reaves, Holts, Longs, Clendenins, Parkers, Mosers, Kernodles, Hendersons, Johnstons, Simpsons, Montgomerys and others whose names play tricks on my memory just now, names held high in many businesses, county and state governments, professions and occupations.

With the school position and the two churches I could begin paying off my college debts. I had helped Bryan with his college expenses as others had helped me. And I was looking forward to Princeton Theological Seminary.

The churches were very good to me. Most families owned good farms and were quite literat Twenty-six of the members of the larger and olde Pleasant Grove were college trained, many of the were graduates. The high school was well organi and moved along smoothly. Through it I became acquainted with the other churches, and made man friends among them.

I was the first pastor to live in their community. Both the old and the young were my friends, and were very kind to me.

Having been reared on the farm, I often hel with haying, and the harvesting of the corn. I interested in everything. I helped raise turkey I learned to shear sheep, to feed cattle, and I cared for my own horse and cart. It was a joy t study the Bible and to preach the Gospel.

The school with its staff of teachers and i student body was an enriching experience, financ but best of all the inspiration of training and sharing in the lives of young people. I had to learn to be both an executive and a diplomat. I found myself to be in a position of responsibili and trust. Having had two years experience as a teacher in a one-room school helped me to help o to listen wisely and act discreetly.

It was the first time a preacher-principal been employed in the school and to me it seemed necessary for it to turn out all right. I conti two years in this combined position and resigned early summer expecting to enter Princeton that f

Several times I had been threatened with ap citis. The first Saturday afternoon in August I to conduct a funeral in the home of one of our f I was there early, and having the pain when I sa doctor arrive and told him again about my troubl He gave me an examination and told me to go ahea with the service and then on to the hospital in Boston, Va., to report to Dr. Belt that he would him and see me Sunday morning. Dr. S. T. A. Ker my physician and the superintendent of the Ingra Sunday School.

A Country Doctor

He was a country doctor,
  And lived to be four score;
He had a thousand neighbors,
  And patients maybe more.

He grew a crop of babies
  In every fleeting year;
He tended all our sickness
  And brought us all good cheer,

No night was e'er too stormy,
  No day too hot or long;
On every by-road lonely
  He hummed his little song.

He went to church on Sunday,
  And oft was called from prayer
On hurried trips of mercy,
  To give a doctor's care.

Yes, he was a country doctor,
  A friend he was of mine;
Tall and straight and noble -
  For him the stars did shine!

- from Happiness and Other Poems

At the Pleasant Grove Church the annual evangelistic service was to begin that very Sunday morning with the Rev. Dr. L. E. Smith, pastor of th Christian Temple in Norfolk the guest minister preaching. He and the church folk went right on with the services at the hour I was being operated. Dr. Smith and the church did a good job and the meeting went along well.

The frost was on the pumpkin before I was fully recovered, because when I was well on the way to recovery I became suddenly ill with pneumonia. I suffered intense pain from the beginning. In my chest each breath brought a knifelike pain. I found myself often repeating the Lord's Prayer silently and putting my trust in Him.

I developed emphysema and remained in the hospital for a month. At home at the Sipes I had a registered nurse for eighteen more days. Eventu with good care the emphysema began to clear up and late October I felt almost as good as new, and was up and out again. I was so thankful to God, the doctors, the nurses, and my good friends in the ho where I lived, and other friends far and near. My parents and other members of my family visited me. The hospital folks remarked that if everyone who came to the hospital to see me, or inquired about me had left a dime I would owe them not one cent. Between the churches and the school I had many friends.

It was too late to enter Princeton, and of course the school had gone ahead with its new principal. Therefore, for one year I gave full-time service to the two churches, and with an increase in my salary.

The congregations grew larger, my own consecration deepened, and an increased desire on my part to render a better service as a fulltime minister of the Gospel of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

It was that year of fulltime service with them that our Southern Convention put on a "Men and Million Campaign. I had some share in presenting the causes of that campaign to the churches. On a trip to Linville, Virginia, a special gathering of the Valley of Virginia Conference, I spent the night in a hotel in Staunton. About 3:00 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by someone banging on my locked door saying, "I cannot get this man awake". Quickly I opened the door to be met by thick darkness and pungent puffs of smoke. Jerking on my trousers and slipping my bare feet into my shoes I entered the hall calling out, "Which way, which way"! A lady across the hall cried out, "I know the way, follow me"! I did, down the hall and down the third floor stairway to an open window, and long fire-ladders. And with women and children first we made our escape.

Fortunately I grabbed my overcoat as I left my room, but prized gifts of jewelry and baggage and other things were left behind. It was a dreadfully frightening time. A retired old couple who lived in the hotel lost their lives. We were so thankful to escape and to be able again to breathe the cold, fresh wintry air.

I was soon aboard a bus to my next appointed stop, Harrisonburg, Virginia, where I was to be met by Dr. W. A. Harper and Dr. Charles H. Rowland, the other two members of the team. Before meeting them I had time to purchase a blue serge suit of clothes, a shirt and other necessities, had a bit of breakfast and was ready to go again. The three of us made our speeches on good time at the Linville Church. After the opening formalities, songs, introductions, and invocations were over mine was the first of the three addresses which were to be made through the day and followed by open discussion, and the business of further planning. The three addresses would be on prayer, men, and money.

I assured those present that I was thankful that I heard the voice of the one knocking, and that my request was answered with the voice of one who said: "I know the way, follow me"!

It was a great joy that fulltime-year to be relieved of the school work. I made my rounds wit a horse and buggy, and more often a cart. How pro I was of my pretty Hamiltonian horse. He seemed t like to take me places and to bring me back. We were good friends. With him and the light cart we could take little side roads, or cross to yon edge of a field where the farmer folk were working. I visited old and young and was always given a glad welcome. Now for nigh on to six years I had serve them first as a student, then as a teacher-preache and then as a fulltime pastor. I am so glad my neighbor did not leave me asleep in that hotel.

Across the years I have remembered those days in my heart and my prayers. As I write these line more than a half-century has passed by. All of th Pierce-home people have gone on, and many others. And yet some of the good friends of those days and the intervening years are still living and whenever we happen to meet there's a friendship felt usuall sweet.

Chapter Eleven - The Princeton Seminary Years

When the time for me to leave for Princeton arrived, Mrs. Sipe and 'Cousin Lydia' had seen to it that my clothes and other necessities were ready to pack. I was going to Princeton Theological Seminary, a great school and far away. I had visited my parents in North Carolina at the old home and told them goodbye. They were delighted that I could go, and gave me their blessings. The latter part of September, 1920 I was off.

To a boy who had gone to a small college only thirty-five miles from home it was quite a journey. I boarded the train at News Ferry, Va., changed in Danville for Washington, D. C., on to Trenton, N. J. changed at Princeton Station just beyond Trenton for the end of the seemingly long ride to Princeton.

When I became more familiar with the trip I would stop off in Washington, D. C., to get acquainted with some of the most important places in the Capitol City.

At Princeton I found my way with others, getting my room and getting matriculated was no trouble at all. I was grateful to God for answering my prayer in giving me the privilege of setting my foot on so hallowed a campus.

In drawing for my room I had an interesting experience. First year students, 'juniors', lived in Brown Hall; 'middlers' in the Hodge Hall, and seniors in Alexander Hall, which was the original building converted into a dormitory. I drew room number thirteen, when some of them laughed I told them that thirteen was my lucky number. One laughed and said, "Ah knows yer bees from the South, maybe Ole Virginy?" I replied in kind, "Ya caw-an say dat agin'". And from the beginning I felt somewhat accepted. The fellows were all college graduates, not freshmen from high schools.

It did happen that I did not remain in Room 13 for more than three weeks, and not even in Brown Hall! It was like this: Joe Woods, Lewistown, Pa. and Paul Moore, from Philadelphia and I became acquainted and made the daily rounds of the four eating clubs, Benham, Friars, Calvin and Seminary. Juniors made these rounds twice, eating three meals a day in a club, getting acquainted. At the end of the eighth day the three of us chose, if we were so bidden, to join the same club, perhaps the Friars. The second class period on the ninth day was given for the bidding and accepting. Joe and Paul were bidden by each of the four clubs. I was bidden by Benham, Seminary and was being bidden by members in my room to the Calvin Club. The bell rang before they left me, and so I had only three choices, as the Friars could not get in while others were present with me. Joe and Paul were told by the Friars' representatives that I could be chosen by the Friars, so Joe and Paul accepted the Friar Club, and I accepted the Benhams. The Benhams seemed pleased and one of their senior married students who lived in Princeton but reserved a room in Alexander for study turned it over to me which I held for my three years! It was goodbye Brown Hall and room number thirteen.

The Woods-Moore-Truitt bond of friendship was only tightened because we formed one of the prayer groups of threes which met each night at nine all our three seminary years. This was a greatly cherished privilege, and we have remembered each other in our prayers across the years. Joe Woods went to China as a missionary, Paul Moore to Africa and I to First Christian Church, Norfolk Va.

Here is a good place for me to recall an overlooked item in my college days. A movement of high resolve which made its way among many students on college and university campuses to "evangelize the world in this generation". It was led by such mature and influential men as Robert E. Speer, John R. Mott and Fennel P. Turner and was commonly known as the Student Volunteer Movement.

At student gatherings across the country such men as aforementioned made stirring addresses, and on many campuses students were being challenged to become volunteers to missions fields. In the winter of 1914 a small group was organized at Elon. I was in that group, as were Shelton Smith, Howard S. Hardcastle, Clyde Auman and others. We met monthly and studied literature prepared by the leaders. State organizations of these small volunteer groups were organized. I attended the North Carolina Student Volunteer Conference in Charlotte, N. C., had a place on the program and was elected president to succeed Frank Price who became a missionary to China. During the year I spoke to groups in several North Carolina colleges, among them Trinity, now Duke, State in Raleigh, State Normal College, now University of North Carolina at Greensboro, N. C. For the lack of funds those of us in our Southern Convention of Christian Churches were never called to go. However, there was a rise in the tide of missionary work begun in those days.

My first year at Princeton was one of slaving study. My Greek grades at Elon were none too good, and three intervening years out of school made it impossible for me to make the required examination, consequently I did three hours a week in Greek during the first semester, and two hours the second. By that time Greek was a real pleasure. I had become able to read and enjoy it, and found it very helpful in more ways than one ever since.

Hebrew, too, was a must at Princeton. As Greek had to be mastered for exegesis in the New Testament, Hebrew had to be learned for the exegesis of the Old Testament. First year students were given a four hour a week course under Oswald T. Allis. I with hours of diligent study received, like several others, three hours credit on my examination and was offered the privilege of making up the fourth by a summer assignment and being examined on the assignment at the beginning of the second year. I took it, five chapters of Genesis to learn and parse each of the words in Genesis, Chapters 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, enough to make a passing grade. I did it, and made it. Believe me I called that an achievement. It

caused me to appreciate Hebrew enough to take an additional beyond requirement three hour course with Robert Dick Wilson from 9:00 to 10:00 at night. There were a dozen of us in the class which met at his home three times a week. The training and fellowship were great. Dick Wilson, author of a Hebrew dictionary, was well worth knowing, and so was the Hebrew.

My second year was a joy, as were each of th three. I was up with my work, and felt at home i my comfortable and convenient double corner room the senior building, with a sizable room for book desk, chairs, and the other was the bedroom and t were three windows, two of which looked out towar the library and the other to the big, brick home Jack Davis, one of my favorite professors, Dr. Jo A Davis of the Davis Bible Dictionary fame.

My walking-for-exercise friend was William D Johnson. Bill Johnson and I spent an hour almost daily from 4:30 to 5:30. His father was a Presby terian minister. Bill was a graduate of Dubuque University. We hit it off together in a most con genial fashion.

My brother, Howard, heretofore mentioned, ha had his first year at Bonebreake Seminary in Dayt Ohio. In that year he was preaching in Ohio, mar a Casstown, Ohio girl; and they had a son and dau His wife died and the children were reared by the grandparents in Casstown. He decided to complete seminary training and came to Princeton. While w did not room together, we were members of the sam Benham Club, and had most delightful times togeth sat together at daily chapel services. He walked occasionally with Bill Johnson and me. He learne on entering that Hebrew was required and arranged his courses accordingly. He was a good student a of a gentle and fine spirit and enjoyed his year much. As I have said heretofore, he graduated th next year at McCormick Presbyterian Seminary in Chicago.

He went back to the Valley of Virginia where he formerly preached, married Shannie Watkins, became a pastor in Waynesboro, Virginia, where he served as a leader in his Presbytery for thirty-one years. A few years after his retirement his wife died. They had reared one of Shannie's nephews from his boyhood, Paul Miller, who has a lovely family at Fisherville, Va. Howard went to live his remaining years with his son, James L. Truitt, and family at Laura, Ohio.

My Brother Howard

My brother Howard is getting old
I saw him yesterday;
He still was standing straight and tall,
And feeling good and gay.

Yes, there were lines about his eyes,
But they were bright with fun;
Their sparkling laughter still remained,
Though he was eighty-one.

The things he said were quiet and calm,
And full of gratitude;
'T was something cheerful had he to say
About his friends so good.

A minister of sixty years -
I saw him yesterday,
And he was speaking of the friends
Who'd helped him on the way.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

A number of the Princeton students spent Sundays off of the campus supplying churches. Some had pastorates. I had had preaching and pastoral experience already so in the main I spent my week-ends on the campus. In this way I had the joy and inspiration of hearing many famous ministers and speakers. Occasionally I supplied a pulpit. The University Chapel was always open to us. I enjoyed the Sunday afternoon organ recitals at the University Post Graduate College Chapel. The Chapel itself was very beautiful and the music done by master organists fed my soul and made me appreciate life with all its opportunitie I always walked alone and sat quietly by myself and, as I say, drank it in. The running brooks of boyhoo came back to me, the sunny skies, the dear old home, the little white church and the days ahead. I walke quietly back to my room enriched and refreshed.

It was in the spring of my second year that I began to make plans for a summer of evangelistic meetings.

I had many good contacts with ministers and churches in Virginia and North Carolina. I wanted to be in service for the Lord and the work of the churches wherever I could. Besides, I needed something to do and also any help financially I might earn.

As plans were developing encouragingly I became quite conscious of the fact that my dad had fallen out with the church and taken his name off its roll. Now there, how could I persuade others to love and serve the Lord with my own father out of the church? It is true he still went to church but I suspect he felt ashamed to make a move toward reconsecration. His was a church-going household and I liked to think it was more than habit that kept him going. Anyway, I was dissatisfied with the situation and prayed abou it, and wrote him and told him so.

Rev. Warner Lee Wells was pastor of the church and I wrote him of my hopes and prayers. I asked him to "open the doors" of the church for incoming members on Easter Sunday if he would and that I was

praying and asking my father to re-join that Sunday. In the meantime, I sent a letter and blank telegram to my father and asked him to join and mail it to me Easter Monday morning. It worked by the help of the Holy Spirit, my pastor and my mother. He greatly appreciated what I did, and so did we all.

The summer was a good one. I had success with the guidance of the Holy Spirit and cooperation of several pastors and churches. In those days the terms "evangelistic meetings", "revival meetings", and "the big meeting" were used interchangeably. For instance, my old home church had its revival meeting a week beginning the first Sunday in August. In fact most of the rural churches in the South held their special meetings sometime in the summer.

Some of my wiseacre friends would ask me if the people thought the Lord didn't save souls except in the summertime. But both they and I knew better of course. I sometimes answered them that my ignorant country folk were far from being as ignorant as they thought. I enumerated a few reasons for selecting the summer. The church was in winter too cold in many places, while it was too hot near the stove in the middle of the sanctuary; the country roads were not axle-deep in mud; nor were some members of the family in August shut in with bad colds, diptheria or pneumonia, with doctors scarce and working double time. Public schools were not open in the summertime, with children in school during the day and doing their homework at night. Children and youth attended the all-day services, and it would be too cold to have the picnic dinners spread on the snow covered ground in the cold winds of the winters. Besides, every member of the family had enough clothes to keep warm in August. "Enough, enough, Truitt, have your meeting whenever you want them!" Much of the bantering in those infrequent "bull sessions" was to hear my southern drawl. It was interesting to watch my unargumentative brother Howard give his silent but sincere assent with that gentle smile of his. He reminded me of Uncle Josh of the Victor-record days who "Carried a hive of b from Maine to Californy and never lost a bee"!

My senior year was best of all. I felt at ease with my fellow students and full of hope with my teachers. It turned out that my grade for the three years was in the B average. I was one of the three who wore a Master of Arts hood, the others wore Bachelor of Arts, as we received our Bachelor of Theology degrees. It was in my senior year that I attended lectures of Henry Van Dyke, an English professor in the Princeton University. He, no doubt, added fuel to my verse-writing fire.

It was in February of my senior year that I received a letter from Col. J. E. West, chairman of the Suffolk Christian Church pulpit committee asking me to come to Suffolk for a visit with the committee and to preach on Sunday. I wrote him that I could not be a candidate for the pulpit as I was planning to go to Edinburgh, Scotland for a year of study, supplemented by a visit to the Holy Land. Nevertheless, a second letter insisted I come spend the weekend and preach. Dr. W. W. Staley who had served them forty-two years was retiring. I went, had quite a conference with the committee and Dr. Staley. They were just about to enter a major building program adding a new addition to Sunday School and utility facilities. They insisted I consider becoming their pastor.

Friends had most graciously agreed already to furnish the money for my year abroad to be repaid at my pleasure and without interest. A fellow classmate was planning to go with me. I felt it was too good an opportunity to miss, therefore turned the committee's offer down.

The Rev. Mr. H. S. Hardcastle, an Elon and Yale graduate, teaching and preaching at Defiance College at Defiance, Ohio, was called and accepted it. He gave them an outstanding ministry. During his pastorate the new building was done. The church was greatly edified and he and Dr. Staley made a most excellent team.

Chapter Twelve - The Norfolk Virginia Pastorate

I did not get to go to Edinburgh and Palesti as we had planned. The long hours, day and often far into the night, plus the over amount of excit ment at the thoughts of graduation brought on ulc in my stomach in early summer. At times the pain was intense. A few days of examination and medic at the hospital and I was back home at the Sipes. I was put on a diet, six meals a day, each exactl alike, one graham cracker, one tablespoon of crea and two tablespoons of a white chalklike substanc This I was to keep up for thirty days. I could b up and walk around as I wished, and drink water whenever I wanted it. At the end of the month I had reduced from two hundred fifteen pounds to on hundred sixty-nine. My doctor prescribed a purga and I passed the chalklike packing, and was order to eat very lightly of a prescribed diet.

Six weeks were then spent recuperating at Alleghaney Springs, near Roanoke, Virginia. Home at News Ferry at the end of the summer I had a tonsilitus operation at Danville, Va., hospital and was soon ready to accept the call I had now h to become pastor of the First Christian Church, Norfolk, Virginia.

In Norfolk I jumped in. The work was most interesting and challenging. Just out of seminar I was anxious to get going and to do my best. Th were several of our ministers in this Conference, the Eastern Virginia, whom I already knew. Dr. L. E. Smith, a minister across the city, met me at the station and befriended me in so many ways. He was a 1915 graduate of Princeton Seminary, and had a post graduate from Princeton University. Two of my Elon collegemates, Revs. O. D. Poythres in South Norfolk and Hardy Hardcastle at Suffolk Dr. I. W. Johnson lived in Suffolk and served churches in the surrounding community. I knew him as an Elon graduate and longtime secretary o the Southern Convention. There was Dr. W. M. Ja of the old and well-known Holy Neck Church, and Rev. James H. Lightbourne at the Holland, Va., C Rev. B. J. Earp at Newport News, Rev. W. T. Walt

in Richmond, Rev. Jesse M. Roberts at Windsor, Dr. W. D. Harward at Dendron, and Dr. W. W. Staley, pastor emeritus of the Suffolk Church. Other fellow ministers in our Conference I came to know well and to appreciate very much.

The fellowship of the ministers of our Conference was a source of strength to us all. Dr. Staley was still president of the Southern Convention as he had been for many years. While pastor of the Suffolk Church he was once non-resident president of Elon College and served eleven years getting the college on an improved financial basis. He had a railroad pass permit on the train and could go and come at his pleasure. He was loved and honored by us all and was dean of our group of ministers.

Hardy Hardcastle retained and grew in his own excellent traits and talents. It was during his pastorate at Suffolk the then modern four-story educational addition was built. It contained room for a fully departmentalized Sunday School, a large fellowship hall with a complete stage with doors to dressing rooms at each end and a back door if needed, and footlights. A balcony also came in good use. It was designed as gym and diningroom, a large, well-equipped kitchen underneath the balcony. It contained three rooms for pastor and secretary, and a library room, rest rooms and lounges conveniently located on every floor.

After my brother Bryan had taught a few years elsewhere, it was in the same year that I went to Norfolk as a pastor he went as a high school principal in the city of Norfolk. In fact, we both arrived about the same time. This pleased us a great deal. He attended and helped support my church as long as I was there. He, by the way, won a high position in the administration of the city schools where he served the remainder of his life, i.e., thirty-three years. He left at sixty a rich heritage of good success, and a lovely family.

In June 1924 I married Edna Pierce, a teacher in the Norfolk schools. She was a member of my parish and of a very devout and wellknown family. We were very happy and looked forward with much joy to the birth of our child, Frances Elizabeth, who arrived July 25, 1925. Our joy was short lived because Edna never recovered, and when Frances was but about three weeks old, Edna died.

We were all deeply grieved, and there was gre outpouring of sympathy to me, and to the grandpare and aunts of little Frances. The Pierces most gra ciously received us into their home, where I remai until I was called to serve the First Christian Ch of Dayton, Ohio, our denominational headquarters

At Edna's death the church and community was deeply grieved. The funeral was conducted by neighboring ministers. Many sobbed out their word of solace and comfort. The floral tributes were many, and there were as many people outside as th were in the church. I shall never forget their ki ness. It has helped across the years so many time as a minister to understand, share, and comfort others in their sorrow.

The tiny pretty baby was well and strong. She had whatever she needed or wanted with loads of love and kindness. In about a year their home was bereft of the mother, Frances' grandmother. Hers was a guiding and steadying influence on us all. When I was called to Dayton the aunts would not hear of my taking little Frances with me. I had become engaged to Adelia Jones whom I was soo to marry. The leaving of my pretty little three year old was a great grief to me. However, her people gave her every advantage of home, school a college. She today has a lovely home, excellent husband, good position, a sophomore daughter, Apr Truitt Hoggard, each of whom are a great joy to m

When I left Norfolk for the Elliot Hotel in Suffolk on my way to my wedding to Adelia Jones, and Asheville, N. C., and Dayton, Ohio, I left a host of friends in Norfolk. I left behind a church which had greatly increased its membership, doubled its budget, installed a pipe organ, and added on a small classroom section. But I missed more than I can tell little Frances. I am grateful to her folks for the education, love and care they gave her. She greatly enjoyed her Norfolk schooling and her four years at Tulane University. I need not tell you I remembered her in my prayers, letters and visits across the years.

Chapter Thirteen - Airships and Potato Chips

If one bears one's burdens well, and with fai and trust in the Lord, one may be compensated with joy.

The summer of 1928 held also high horizons, near and far, that August morning as I drove my Oldsmobile quietly along the highway from the Elli Hotel to Adelia's home, six miles out from Holland Virginia.

The wedding was set for 10:00 o'clock, a home wedding, I had time to spare. What on earth could I do till ten! Several cars passed me as I drove time-consumingly along. They were going to the same place I was going. They laughed and waved at me. It seemed to me that there was never a pretti day nor a better reason for its being beautiful.

The Jones family was outstanding and excellen faithful to community, church, school and every go and proper enterprise. The father and mother, thr daughters and five sons made up a most loyal and jolly group. The twelve-room home was always hosp table, it was now doubly hospitable and beautiful Ours was the first wedding of the eight children.

My car was parked at the front gate in a goin position, Adelia's baggage was added. This was th time. This way the day. And although three of th brothers were already in college, and one daughter they did not mark or mar my car, or raise any un- necessary whoopee. Because I had been married be fore I persuaded Adelia and her family to let us have a quiet home wedding. The home was beautiful decorated, the altar and flowers were beautiful.

In due time the music began, Joel Holland sa "Beloved It Is Morn", and shortly Adelia came down the stairway and stood by my side at the altar. Their minister, Rev. Dr. N. G. Newman performed th ceremony. While the marriage vows were being sai there could be heard the muffled sobs of the youn est brother because sister was going away. Perha

others smiled through their tears, she was going from home to a distant Ohio. But for us there were each other and the wide horizons.

In due time other weddings in the family would follow. Darden had his degree already from Elon and was in dental school in Atlanta, Brock had his M.S. from Richmond Medical College, and was entering his course in medicine. Elijah and Mary Rawles were students at Elon; James, Selma and William Thomas were still at home in school. Their father had attended the old Graham, North Carolina College, predecessor of Elon, and their mother was a graduate of Suffolk Collegiate College. They grew good crops, taught their children to work, and to see and share the value of honest toil. The whole family loved home, church, community and school, and were contributing a full measure of loyalty and leadership to each.

You can see why Dr. W. W. Staley wrote to me a congratulatory letter, received on our arrival in Dayton, and remarked in it writing "I wish to congratulate you on the 'Deal-You' made" (Adelia). None but Dr. Staley would write it like that!

The picture-taking, the reception, the good-byes over, we were off for King Cotton Hotel, Greensboro, N. C. Next morning we went by my parental home nearby and on to Asheville, N. C., for a week in the Biltmore Hotel and "the Land of the Sky" section even to the top of Mt. Mitchell, highest mountain this side of the Rockies.

We arrived in Dayton ten days after our wedding and stopped over night at the Van Cleve Hotel. Next day we notified Mr. A. F. Chase, an official of the First Christian Church, to which I had been called. We spent the night in his home, and next day selected a not-yet-used apartment, utilities furnished, bought a bit of necessary furniture and moved in to begin housekeeping.

Then came the "poundings" and the parties for the new minister and his bride. Words fail me to tell how well Adelia was received and how much they liked her from that time forward. They liked my Southern accent and North Carolina drawl. They lik our responsiveness to their unending overtures of kindness, and thus made us very happy and ready to sincerely do our best, God helping. We were a new couple in a big, new city, but with the same abidi faith and trust in the divine guidance.

I had been told by the pulpit committee in my previous conference in Dayton about the general situation. They were hoping to sell the church building and erect a new one out in Dayton View, a new and beautiful residential district. I found them to be a devout and earnest membership.

Theirs was a big city with a rather large population of Negroes. They were beginning to com close to the Christian Church section. White real estate values were decreasing. Homes were being purchased by Negroes in a few blocks from the chur Two beautiful homes on tree-lined lovely Summit Avenue were owned by them. These fine midwesterne and believe me, there are none finer, were running like good Southerners. In fact they were running rapidly I could hardly keep up with them.

As one born and bred in the South I had met and made many dear friends from above the Mason an Dixon line who delighted in a friendly way to ques me about the Southern attitude toward Negroes. My little bit of native wit, and my home training, along with a genuine friendship with many Negro friends served me in good stead. Especially was this true in brief "bull sessions" at Princeton. To be sure, our down South attitude was not so goo among some, but really, I did not say much about i but I couldn't detect much real difference above t Mason and Dixon line.

For instance, my predecessor at the Norfolk Church, born in Ohio and graduated at Yale Divini School, now a pastor of a Dayton church, enthusia cally told me how fortunate he was that he lived i a section of Dayton which had no Negroes in his s

He would tell us how to find a place in the movie where we would not have to sit with them, and at interracial dinner meetings he would offer us help. He did not know how often in North Carolina or Virginia I had drunk water on the farm out of the mouth of the jug my fellow colored worker had used. Or how many times I had helped a Negro neighbor, along with other white men, build a barn, or shuck his corn crop gathered on the ground at the corn crib, and eaten dinner in his home cooked by his womenfolk. The Negro neighbors helped us and we helped them. We traded at the same shops and patronized the same banks. I had during my college days been pastor of a church which had a few Negroes on its church roll. Even so, we were far from perfect but they loved us and helped us and we loved them and helped them. My unlettered father used to say to me as a boy: "Son, always be kind to old people and colored people". Patronage? May be, but it had a lot of kindness and friendship in it too!

Let me add I was never in any bind with white or black on this subject. And I did and do appreciat the friendship of any and all who ever showed me a kindness in these matters. I deserve no credit for being like that, I was "ist born dat way"!

In Dayton, my friendship from childhood with colored people sort of made me feel at home as I met them on the street or talked with them as occasion permitted. While in Dayton how often we were guests in our parishioners homes, but we were never invited along with Negroes, nor did we see them shown that hospitality by our neighbors. No where, indeed, did I see enough to keep me from my little private smile - we didn't entertain them that way down South either - we knew we were sinners and confessed it. Have you forgotten when I was a minister in Dayton? That was 1928!

All of us now, North, South, East and West, see ourselves much more understandingly and realistically, and in the spirit of mutual kindness and consideration, much progress is being made by folks of goodwill and Christian spirit everywhere.

And the Christ who died for us all shall triumph and "see the travail of His soul and be satisfied" Isa. 53:11. We must face our 1970 problems fairly and squarely. I pray God's will may be done. Let the strong in all races learn to bear the burdens of the weak. At this point I like to remember the words of the Lord Jesus who said, "I am not come t be served, but to serve; and to give my life a ran for many". He is indeed the light of the world, a if all of us who know and love Him would truly obe Him much of today's trouble would flee away.

Well, now, back to my story. Happy and grea were our days in Dayton, and dear and lifelong we the friendships made.

We set to work with Christian humility and enthusiasm to minister to the people, and to do a good job for the Christ and His kingdom. I write "we" because Adelia did her full share ther and has every day since then, to make our work a success.

I shall never forget my first encounter wit the Miami Christian Conference. It had its regu annual session a few days after we arrived in Da The Miami Conference was one of the oldest and largest in our denomination. I had been assigne place on the program on the first morning at 11: o'clock. I was aware that some of my speech-mak had been unduly played up by some of the brethre which sort of put me on the spot as an inovator down South. I desired to be present before it but there were interruptions about time I was re to be off, so as I was getting out of Dayton on Covington Pike I sort of stepped on the gas. Sl the siren of an Ohio State patrolman caught my I slowed down to a stop. He examined my driver license, heard my story about being on my way t Carlisle, Ohio, and asked me to follow him back mile or so to a magistrate's office.

Well, I could relax now for I felt I would too late for my address. When the magistrate i quired about my hurry I told him I was a very r cently installed minister of the First Christia

Church of Dayton, that I was from a pastorate in Norfolk, Virginia, and that I was on my way to make an 11:00 o'clock address at the Miami Conference being held at Carlisle, Ohio.

The magistrate knew about the church and the Conference. He looked up at the clock on the wall, said I had plenty of time to make it, and gave the patrolman a little smile and suspected he would be patrolling back toward town. I was present five minutes before 11:00. And there was another article in the Dayton paper about the new minister at First Church. The experience gave me a little ice-breaking for my first Miami Conference talk.

This whole business of being in Dayton was an inspiration to me. How could it be otherwise when I had Adelia and Dayton, too! It was the city of the National Headquarters of our denomination. Our good friend, Dr. W. W. Staley was infrequently in Dayton attending some board meeting, and so was Dr. W. A. Harper, president of Elon College. Here the general secretary of our denomination lived and had his office in our Publishing House. The Herald of Gospel Liberty, Alva M. Kerr, editor; and our Sunday School literature was written and published, executive secretaries of national boards, a book printing business, and a large book and church supplies service was operated.

The general secretary of our denomination, Dr. Warren H. Denison and Mrs. Denison, Harold, Paul and their two daughters, Mary and Martha, were members of our church. They were delightful and dear friends. We saw so much of Dr. and Mrs. Denison. They knew how to help us and bless us. Among other officials we came to know and to appreciate much were Dr. W. P. Minton, Dr. S. A. Helfenstein, Rev. W. A. Sparks, Rev. and Mrs. Fred Bullock, Mr. Herman Eldridge and a wide circle of ministers and lay leaders. Dr. James H. Lightbourne and family and Rev. Edwin B. Flory and family were now a blessed part of our fellowship.

Now let me come to the story of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Mikesell. They were the kind of folks one can truly prize as loyal members and lifelong friends. They were a real source of encouragement to both Adelia and me.

Dan Mikesell was a member of the pulpit committee I met on my first trip to Dayton. I could see at once from his manner and makeup that we would h it off together well. His cheerful, cordial, easy greeting and his business-like temperament impress me from the first. It was he who thought I should be offered an increase in salary above what I rece in Norfolk, that I should live in the Dayton View section of the city, and in a newly built apartmer ready to rent. And that the monthly rent should b added to my salary.

He was beginning a new and prospering potato chip business with his own young family working a it. He put potatoes, perserverance and good busi ability into his new "Mike-Sells Potato Chips" Co But that did not lessen his, nor his fine family' devotion to the church, nor their faith and trust God. Next door to his shop was the Wright brothe bicycle shop.

His business succeeded across the years far beyond the fondest dreams of those of us who watched its beginning. A few years ago Adelia an I were invited to Dayton to help celebrate its 50 anniversary. It held a week long "open house", s to speak, a banquet at the beautiful Vanderbilt Hotel where we were entertained was a great privi I made the featured address. Present were repres tatives of potato chip companies from across the country, and many of Dan Mikesell's friends and customers. A beautiful new factory and office building in a lovely new restricted business district. Twenty-seven trucks carried the "Mike-Sells Potato Chips" on regular routes far and nea At the time of the celebration Leslie C. Mapp, o of his sons-in-law was business manager of the c pany of which he was president and his son Dwigh and the other son-in-law, Jim Fellows, were department managers.

In those early days when we first knew Dan Mikesell he was not rich, but devout, honest, sincere, brave and happy. He was a talented man, a musician, choirmaster, pianist, organist, soloist, director of an Ohio championship winning male quartet, and a pastmaster at holding together and directing his church choir. He directed our choir without pay and made a liberal contribution to the church every Sunday. His son, Dwight, directed an orchestra in another church and Dwight's wife Urith was pianist. Martha was a very attractive and pretty teenager. Marimae, about eleven, was full of her father's wit and her mother's charm and loyalty. It was she who in time married Les Mapp, and who spent their honeymoon with us in Suffolk, Va., and the nearby beaches.

Mike-Sells Potato Chips

On land or sea, where'er you be,
  On steamer or clipper ships
The best nicknack for lunch or snack
  Is Mike-Sells Potato Chips.

By mountain lakes or wild canebreaks,
  On little or longer trips,
Those in the know will always go
  For Mike-Sells Potato Chips.

For saint or sinner at home, abroad,
  Whether coffee or milk he sips,
At parties gay, by night or day
  The best nicknack for lunch or snack
Is Mike-Sells Potato Chips!.

- from Across The Years

Getting started in a different situation was challenging and interesting. Long ago I had learned to study, and to seek divine help in my sermons, keeping in mind that parishioners seeing a sermon was as effective, or more so, than hearing one. To get squared away in my study was indeed a joy and helped to make me feel at home.

But there were a few different customs and ways of doing things. For instance, I had been here but about two weeks when I heard the screech of automobile brakes, and general confusion. A little more than a block from my study I saw people gathering. Almost instantly I was there. Parents were gathered over their eleven year old son who had stepped in front of a car and was fatally wounded. I attended the family in seeking to share their grief and be of any help I could. They were comparative new comers, and were not affiliated with their church. They asked me in due time to conduct the funeral. On going back to visit a few days later, they offered me a fee for the service. No, no, I said. I cannot receive it. I cannot accept it. However, they insisted and assured me they would feel badly if I did not accept it, now which I most hesitatingly did. When I got back to my study I called Dr. Addison and told him what happened. He assured me that I had done as I should. It was the first experience I had had like that. Later in Dayton I received such gifts, but never felt very comfortable about it.

Also, whenever our women's groups gathered to quilt, or sew, or to carry on their women's church organizations I was there. Hitherto I had found it a friendly gesture, and a good way of getting acquainted. As much as I could I had time to be with the members whenever they gathered together under the auspices of the church. I was so inside their homes I found time to become known as a "visiting pastor". Common sense and courtesy along with the pursuit of true friendship and fellowship goes a long ways.

Seeking funds for the building of a new chu plant in a new section of the city was an additi experience. The Miami Conference would give the needed land, and did authorize me to represent t Conference in seeking funds from persons and churches therein. Thus I had the privilege of b in many of their churches and also getting acqua with their lay leaders. I prayed daily for God' guidance and help. I had learned enough about stewardship both by study and practice to look o myself as one offering to those I approached an opportunity to be a good steward rather than one asking for a donation. Soon the funds for pur- chasing the lots was raised and the lots purchas I had the backing of the fine folks of my church I felt the Lord was with me and I had always Adelia's encouragement and help.

Already we had sold our church to the Negro and had worshipped a few times in the Mikesell home near the new church site. We arranged to worship regularly in the YMCA downtown.

One day I called on Rabbi Louis Witt whose congregation of Jews had built their new Jewish temple out on Salem Avenue not very far from our lots. I asked him if he and his congregation would permit us to use a part of their temple fo our Sunday services. He took me in his car to the temple. We entered his spacious and beautif study. We then looked over the temple. Before Sunday it was settled that we might use whatever parts of the temple we wished on Sunday, seeing how it was not used by them on that day.

How much would it cost us? Nothing, not or cent. It is God's House. We cannot charge you anything for it! It is God's House of prayer fo all people! How about that! It was indeed an enriching experience, and a lesson used by me on many occasions since that day.

The "depression" came with its crash, and concluded the new church-building plans. A merger of First Church with Walnut Hills Church gave a very good solution of the problem. The

newly formed church became "First-Walnut Hills" Church, of which the Rev. W. T. Scott and I became pastors. Again mark down another new experience, and a delightful one. There we were, two friends from North Carolina, alternating our preaching services, and what help and comfort we could to our economically stricken church people.

When we left the Jewish Temple we sent them a check of appreciation which they promptly mailed back to us. It reminded me of a line in their Holy Book: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully".! Psa. 24:3,4.

Our dear friends, the Scotts, with their fine young children were soon called back to Carolina into a growing, noble career. The course of their upward climbing took them to a beginning church already organized in Salisbury, N. C., thence to the organizing and building of a new church in Winston-Salem, then to assistant superintendency of the Florida Conference, and then to superintendent of that Conference where he made a name and place among the leaders of our Congregational Christian Churches; thence to the pastorate of our fine Franklin, Va., Church. While at Franklin he was called to the superintendency of the North Carolina and Virginia Congregational Christian Convention, with Convention Headquarters at Elon College. He retired from this position after fourteen very successful years, became pastor of the Oakland Church, Chuckatuck, Va. Later he was employed by Elon College to serve in a long-ranged fund raising campaign. He is now retired but is serving our Lebanon Church at Semora, N. C. Dr. and Mrs. Scott own a lovely home in the town of Elon College, with its open door to their children, grandchildren and many friends.

It was during the time we were worshipping in the Jewish Temple that Ann, our daughter, was born. How prized she was by us, and was also greatly loved by the whole congregation. What good times we had

showing her off to our friends! From her first weeks she was carried by us to church. Always there was some "little mother" glad to watch over her while she slept through the service. She was christened in the Jewish Temple by Dr. Warren H. Denison, Rev. A. W. Sparks, and Rev. R. H. McDani

We did not remain in the apartment on Salem Avenue but a few months until we moved into the spacious home of Mr. George Lambert, a widower, a good United Brethren member. He ate with us rent free. Three months of the year he went to Florid He became one of our staunchest friends, and incidentally he and a member of the Ohio state legi lature visited us the first several days we were Suffolk. Since the "depression" had done away wi our automobile this was a most delightful favor seeing as how we had by that time both Ann and John, Jr.

In those Dayton days among our pastor-friend of our own denomination were Rev. Edwin B. Flory, pastor of Riverdale Church on North Main Street, a native of Ohio and my predessor at First Norfol You know about the Scotts across Dayton on Edgar Avenue. Rev. Wilbur Hall, pastor of Shiloh Sprin Church, who grew up in the same city and same tim the then President of the United States, Presider Coolidge; Rev. S. A. Howsare, pastor of Murlin Heights; Rev. William Proctor of another Dayton Church; and Dr. James H. Lightbourne, Sr., then pastor of our large Troy, Ohio, Church, formerly Norfolk and Holland, Virginia, a personal friend mine and of Adelia's family. He and Peg, his dea wife, and the children were "home folks" to us. of course the Scotts, of whom I have already writ were to us then a great joy and have been an inspiration and help across the years.

The depression was very severe. Many were forced to stand in the bread lines all across Dayton. We did not come to that personally, but we had to stop payments on our automobile and los what we had already paid on it. The tougher the days the closer we stuck together. I used my sole-leather and the trolley cars to call on my people. Kindness reached a highmark and friend-ships became strong. Our combined congregation increased.

John, Jr. was born in the Miami Valley hospital Jan. 6, 1932. How happy we were! We definitely wanted our first to be Ann. Then we hoped the next would be a boy. We proudly said of him that he looked old and shrively. Ann was a little over two and growing prettier every day. So while finances were pinching us pretty tight and bringing our neighbors much anxiety we still had our faith and trust in God, and joy and happiness in our hearts. I shall never forget those breadlines and the soup-kitchens. My own salary reduced as it was only paid in part. One December we received only $50.00 on which to live and make ready for Christmas. Having many good friends, plenty to do, and good health, all was well.

Here is a very good place to pay my respect to Crump J. Strickland, a dear friend who lived in Columbus, Ohio, a good business man, fine Christian gentleman, and at that time a bachelor, reared in North Carolina and a devout member of our denomination. Strickland endeared himself to us by his kindly visits. How often he would show up with steaks for our dinner, a box of fruits and candies, or other in-season goodies. Whereever we have been since he has found us, and been the same dear friend across the years. Long since married, his lovely wife has entertained us in their home, and we them. They have two grown daughters. Of them they can be justly proud.

These pages would miss something if the name of O. S. Walker, 241 Delaware Ave., Dayton, Ohio, was not in them. In most things citywise he was "in the know". He held an important position in the city administration. He helped me much in knowing wherefor and the whereabouts in our big city. He was a deacon and a very dear friend. He found something quite compatible in Adelia and me. He and Mrs. Walker, Blanche, often invited us to share in some family dinner with his lovely family. He liked to come by the parsonage with his wife and take us out on a Sunday afternoon for a ride to one of many roadside picnic places and share with us Mrs. Walker's

excellent cooking. He had no axe to grind, he just liked to sharpen friendship and fellowship. May his kind increase.

A young man greatly talented and trustworthy in those days, and a good friend across the years, was Marlowe Kersey. He was the son of Deacon and Mrs. R. H. Kersey. When I became his pastor he wa also a deacon in the Walnut Hills half of our combined congregation, superintendent of the Sunday School, and a member of the staff of Winters Natio Bank of Dayton, Ohio, one of the great Ohio banks. He had been reared to love his church, was a young people's leader in his Conference. He had a lovel wife, Alice, and charming children. He became a l leader in the national bodies of our church, and a vice-president of his bank. Through the years we have visited infrequently and kept up with each other. Alice was called on to her heavenly reward recently. She had seen good days and a happy and rewarding life.

Lest I lengthen these pages beyond their purpose, I must refrain from cataloging many other who have been very dear friends. One of the price less bonuses of the ministry is the making of the dear friendships of so many friends.

Here let me chronicle a privilege assigned to me by The Christian Sun when I was minister of the First Christian Church in Norfolk, namely, that o contributing each week a sermon for the church paper published by the Southern Convention of Christian Churches. Upon my being called to Dayto I passed that job on to another. But I had been i Dayton only about two years when Dr. J. O. Atkinso asked me to take up that task again. They natural were shortened. Were I to go to our library at El and read them over now I am not sure I would feel that I deserved the kindly comments I had by many of the readers of them. As I was preaching them every Sunday it was not too tough to condense them and mail them in.

In Dayton despite the depression, now I think probably to some extent on the account of it, the church grew and the joy of serving was inspiring.

Hardtimes seemed to draw folks together, and to emphasize our dependence on God and one another. As I write nearly forty years later the names of so many "lie gently on my mind".

When John was born, Adelia's sister Mary Rawles Jones came and spent several weeks with us. She was such a joy to us and helped us so much with Ann and John. Seeing how very busy her life is now it seems remarkable that she could have spent that time with us.

Always we had such interesting news to write to our parents. There was so much to tell and in those days they seemed so far away. How delighted we were with every letter we received from either of our parental homes. Adelia's mother and members of her family kept us posted, and Essie Mae, my sister, kept us in touch with my folks.

One day a letter came telling us that my mother was in the hospital with cancer in its worst form. I was heartbroken. She was so dear to me. She had been, had borne, had done so much for me! She loved us all so much. She worked hard, hastily, indoors and in the fields joyously for us all. She not only bore children, she bore burdens bravely and well. God blessed her with a bright and optimistic spirit, and gave her great joy in seeing her children take her beautiful advice and "be somebody".

Adelia shared my concern, and comforted me with her own anxiety about her. I called my good friend Edwin R. Flory. He came and stayed with me until deep into the night. He prayed for us and blessed us. I shall never forget his help and kindness.

My mother's going was not eminent and everything was being done for her. She was resigned and patient. In a few weeks we made a visit home to see her. She talked so lovely. Her love for us all shining and sincere. My father seemed in a daze, and so upset. I wrote her regularly when I was back in Dayton and longed for our vacation when I could see her again. My vacation came the last two weeks

in August. On Sunday as soon as the morning ser
was over we were on our way. We headed for Adel
home first with our baby's arrival expected in t
months. And then we were to go to our home. We
arrived at the Joneses just at sun up. They met
at the gate with a telegram saying 'hasten, Moth
is failing rapidly'. One telegram went to Dayto
after we left, the other to the Joneses.

Adelia was too exhausted to make the trip t
my home immediately. So her brother Elijah who
a student at Elon and would return in a few days
got in our car and drove for me the trip of two
hundred miles in record time.

When we arrived the family was gathered at
bedside. We thought she was conscious of my arr
and speaking to her. I told her I had come, tha
were all present and reminded her of her faith i
Jesus. There we were in that large bedroom wher
she had given us birth and blessed all, to the d
of our maturity. We thought by her expression t
she recognized me and as though she was waiting
she soon breathed her last.

Gathered around her as she went home were h
husband, three public school teachers, three min
of the Gospel, her six living children. She had
across the years through hardtimes, suffering, h
ment, and joy and happiness. Hers was a triumph
faith in God. She enjoyed actual toil, in it sh
happy. And that is good for she had plenty of i
She set her children a good example, and followi
example has been a blessing to each of us. She
to quote busy verses from the old spelling book
doeth the busy bee improve each shining hour?".
loved to sing of "a land that is fairer than day
"O they tell me of an unclouded sky"! She loved
home, her church, the school. She taught us to
appreciate each of them. She gave back to life
she could, and cheerfully. She was greatly love
a large circle of kinfolks, neighbors and frien
many of whom rose up to call her blessed.

Those Old Gingham Aprons

Those old gingham aprons
My mother used to wear
Hold a very fond memory for me,
Those blue-stripped aprons
Meant a world of love and care,
And everything a mother needs to be.

Those old cotton aprons
Wiped the sweat from her face,
Or were used as a scarf in the cold;
Those worn, battered aprons
Have a charm and a grace,
Served as bag or basket in the fold.

With those old homemade aprons
My mother used to bring
A bounty from the garden or the barn:
Those old tubworn aprons
Seemed to fit most everything,
From dozen fresh-layed eggs to cotton ya

So those old pretty aprons
My mother used to wear
Hold a very fond memory, you see,
For that old fashioned mother,
Along when I was there
Wrapped those old gingham aprons 'round

- from Happiness and Other Poems

It was a privilege to attend the American Christian Convention at the session held in nearby Piqua, Ohio. History-making decisions were to be made. Already the National Council of Congregational Churches had voted in Seattle, Washington, to merge with the Christian Churches. Therefore, a vote was in the offing to merge with the Congregationalists. Enthusiasm ran high for around ten years it had been considered. Attendance on this session was tremendous. A goodly number of leading Congregationalists were there. From every section of America our delegates and visitors were present. It was like a large "old home week" for Adelia and me. We saw so many of our Southern friends.

The vote was so nearly unanimous it was regarded as unanimous. The people who packed the sanctuary arose and sang "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow". The president of the Convention, Dr. Frank G. Coffin, was former pastor of the church I was now serving and the secretary of the Convention was none other than Dr. Warren H. Denison, a parishioner of mine. As a member of the Ohio State Conference I was given a share in working out the mechanics of the merger.

Back on my own job in Dayton let me here refer to the writer of a nationally known gospel hymn: "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart", the Rev. R. H. McDaniel. Although he had reached a good old age you would find him in his pew every Sunday. Those of us who knew him well felt his song fitted him and he fitted his song. On my very first trip to Dayton to meet the pulpit committee I called on him and Mrs. McDaniel, who lived with their daughter, Mrs. Leisonhoff and her family. Mrs. McDaniel was quite ill. Hers was my first Dayton member's funeral. Our church was so fond of her and her folks. On the Rev. Mr. McDaniel's birthday we would have him sing his famous song, and we all joined him on the chorus. It was good for us all. Long may his beautiful song be sung.

Toward the end of my five years of ministry in ayton came the death of one of our dearest Dayton riends, the wife of the Rev. Edwin B. Flory. She as the lovely mother of five young children. She s a most charming homemaking wife of a very busy inister. She was especially dear to Adelia. A d cold rapidly developed into pneumonia before oder drugs had been developed. She was taken to e Miami Valley Hospital and nothing seemed to reak the progress of the disease. Her husband as alarmed, frightened and distracted. I stayed the hospital several hours before her going. e had fought so bravely for her husband and ildren's sake. Dr. Lightbourne assisted me in r funeral at the Riverdale Christian Church ere Rev. Mr. Flory was pastor. It was one of e saddest spots in my Dayton ministry.

After the Rev. H. S. Hardcastle had served the ffolk Christian Church successfully for ten years received a call to The Christian Temple in Norfolk, rginia. He accepted the call and resigned as pastor the Suffolk Church. That put the Suffolk Church a search for his successor. We were given a "tip-f" that that might be important news to us. This s one of our largest churches in the South, and as have stated before, I was offered it near the close my senior year at Princeton.

For us it had much to be desired. It was in elia's native county, Nansemond, and only eighteen les from her parental home. It was in the Eastern rginia Conference where I had served our First ristian Church, Norfolk, Va. Naturally we waited d wondered, and hoped that God's will might be done.

Time in ten years had made many changes in the ffolk Church. A very complete educational addition d been built. There remained an indebtedness of 7,000.00 to be paid. The Rev. Dr. W. W. Staley, stor emeritus, had died within the year. The urch's activities had grown greatly. The parsonage which Dr. Staley had lived had been re-modeled d redecorated for the coming of Hardcastle's ccessor, he by the way had never occupied the rsonage where Dr. Staley lived. Also, we wondered at the depression had done down Suffolk way.

We had worked hard in Dayton. We had experience changes there too. We had experienced the moving of our congregation out of one section of Dayton into another. We had assisted in the merger of two of the Dayton Churches. We had seen and been a part of our denomination's merger with the Congregationalists. We had suffered the onslaught of the great depression and braved it. Our church was strong with a devoted togetherness and a growing spiritual strength.

Naturally we, under these changing circumstance looked homeward, but we were ordained into the service of the Christ and subjected to His will and His calling.

I shall never forget the encouraging communicat from Col. J. E. West, chairman again of the pulpit committee, nor can I forget carbon copies of letters recommending me to the pulpit committee (which recommendations I did not seek) from leaders in the Southern Convention for the position.

Finally I had a letter from the committee sayi I had been recommended to the church and that soon it would cast its vote. To put it mildly, this was good news.

One night at bedtime a fortnight later our telephone rang and Adelia answered it. It was her mother on the line calling to tell us: "Truitt was elected at a called meeting of the Suffolk Church tonight"! Mr. W. V. Leathers had just telephoned to tell her, she said. You know what? My non-cryi wife called her tear-shedding husband to the phone!

I never expected to have a second chance at th Suffolk Church. God in His mercy and goodness had waited until the right time. The spacious addition had been built, Dr. Staley had finished his nearly fifty years of service as pastor and pastor emeritu The Rev. Mr. Hardcastle had done ten years of most excellent work and was called to The Christian Temp Norfolk, Virginia, the most beautiful church in the Southern Convention. In a day or two the call was officially confirmed and I wrote them my acceptance

The congregation in Dayton knew my name was being considered by the church in Suffolk. They expressed most kindly their regret when it was known that we would be leaving them. At the same time they were hoping I might receive the call where we would have a larger opportunity and where Adelia and Ann and John, Jr., would be near her parents and brothers and sisters. So then the news of our resignation was received with mixed emotions. No pastor who had gone through as much as I had with them, and who had received as much loyalty and love for himself and his family as we had received could go without mixed emotions. They are real folks and shall ever be in my thoughts and prayers.

The news of our leaving spread rapidly throughout the churches of our fellowship and churches of other denominations in Dayton. We would leave after the last Sunday in July, 1933 in order to have a month's vacation and begin work in Suffolk September the first. Dayton churches were having that summer a series of union services at twilight in the city park. The interdenominational committee scheduled me to preach on that Sunday. Our church was pleased with the newspapers' publicity given the service, and the interest shown by many in the occasion. We were happy and humbled at kindnesses shown us, especially kind and generous was our local church in its farewell to us.

Chapter Sixteen - Carry Me Back To Old Virginia

As the big moving van was being packed with our furniture, library, et cetera, Adelia and I were in a thoughtful and prayerful mood. We had seen, felt and experienced much in those first five years of our married life. Here Ann and John, Jr., were born, h so many new friends had been made. The big midwest manner of straight-forward, down-to-earth kindness had won our hearts and been good for our souls. Adelia was prepared by nature and family training t understand and reciprocate this manner of kindness. And goodness knows nothing stood in my way of likin it. So were we hooked. And the after years have proved that many of them were hooked too.

At last the moving van was off and on its way. Hard times had caused us to turn in our automobile. We lived on what we received, and therefore could depart owing no one anything. Our landlord, Mr. George Lambert, asked us to let him take us in his automobile to Suffolk, free of charge. He told us he had spoken to an Ohio State Senator Beard, a friend of his, if he would go and come back with him. We accepted his generous offer with joy and gratitude. Our gentlemen hosts were good traveling companions. Ann, nearly four, and John, nearly two were good travellers. We spent a night at Rainvill W. Virginia, and arrived the next day at Adelia's old home, happy, safe, and sound. They enjoyed bei in Virginia for the first time, and remained with u for a few days, as we showed them more of what Virginia was like. We appreciated this very much, as did they.

Our household goods arrived at the parsonage next morning shortly before noon. We were there waiting and ready. The parsonage had had some remodeling and was completely re-decorated. It was spacious and roomy enough for family and visitors.

On our way to Suffolk we showed our two friend Washington and Lee University, the recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee, the Virginia Military Academy, an

the grave of Sonewall Jackson. We showed them the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains. We were enthusiastic in our descriptions of Virginia Plantations and estates, and we entertained them with Virginia customs and cultures. For Ohioans they listened graciously and egged us on. Now that we had them at Suffolk we could show them Norfolk and environs. They were well read and were glad to get an on-the-spot view of Old Virginia. They could see that I, a North Carolinian, thought that Virginia was a "land that flowed with milk and honey" and peanuts, corn, and sweet potatoes.

As we journeyed along eventually we were in Richmond, from there we were in tidewater Virginia. They seemed to catch the spirit of our excitement, and seemed proud to have Virginia as a part of our common heritage. In the late afternoon we made the last turn of the road and there we came into view of the beautiful farmlands and the lovely home of Adelia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brock D. Jones.

Even the big, faithful shepherd dog seemed glad to see us. There were hugs and kisses for the four Truitts, and most gracious introductions and greetings for our two friends. In all our hearts there was real gratitude to God for His goodness and blessings on us all. The home was big and ready with room and welcome for each one. Our two friends felt quite at home and were deeply interested in our dear folks.

How delighted Adelia and I were with the parsonage, four roomy bedrooms and bath upstairs. There was a front entrance with stairway, and a back entrance with a back stairway; large living-room, same size diningroom, large kitchen and half-bath, a new breakfast room and steps to the basement and furnace, a back door to small grassed, paled-in lawn between the parsonage and educational building, where the pastor's outer office and study looked out on the little lawn through two big windows. How often has Adelia raised her kitchen window and called me to lunch or dinner!

Shine Your Shoes

When but a little past my twos
'T was, Come here, sonny, shine your shoes,
For mother wants that you should be
So nice for other folks to see.

And as I grew up quite a lad
My mother made the suits I had,
And made the shirts and trousers, too,
And made my jacket navy blue;
But, e'er I went to Uncle Hugh's
'T was, See here, sonny, shine your shoes.

When off to college I was sent
The final word before I went
Was, Hurry, son, now don't be late;
And as I latched the garden gate
'T was, Remember, son, write the news
And don't forget to shine your shoes.

And when a preacher I became,
And had a church in my own name;
Prepared my sermon line on line,
And turned to wife and children fine
To seek of them their personal views,
Know what they said: Shine your shoes!

- from Happiness and Other Poems

Col. West came to greet us while our furniture was being unloaded, as did several others. I slipped away to a quiet upstairs room and knelt in prayer of thanksgiving and renewed commitment. How anxious I was to do well for the Christ and the church!

The recently built addition provided for a completely graded Sunday School with classrooms and assembly rooms for each department, a large dining-room which served for a gymnasium. It had a big stage and dressing rooms making it convenient for pagents and plays; a large kitchen completely furnished, over which was a balcony for the Fellowship Hall. There were men's and women's classrooms, and restrooms, in every department and facility. The large sanctuary had been re-decorated, and with its circular pews on the main floor and large circular balcony it would seat for crowded occasions nine hundred people.

On the membership roll of the church there were eleven hundred fifty-six names. I sought to find the "who" and "what" of every name on the roll. And I set myself the task of visiting every member in the local community. Often alone in my study at prayer I thanked God for helping me to travel the long road from childhood to the joyous challenge with which I was now confronted. It humbled and blessed me beyond words. I was so thankful for Adelia and our fine children. And how dependent I was on the Lord for His help.

My vacation was not yet over. Having seen the church and looked at the layout, we returned to Adelia's home. Our guests were on their way back to Dayton with the promise that they would make a good report.

How many weeks in the ensuing summertimes we have spent in Adelia's parents' home. In my time I have known many truly noble men. I am not thinking necessarily of such as have made headlines in the public press. I refer to those who have 'heartlines' in their homes and community. And Adelia's father fits the bill. He was a good Christian gentleman of the first rank. A man of more than the average education earned by the

Mr. Brock Jones was devoted to his wife, Selm and he always enthusiastically said she was the prettiest and best woman he had over seen. He had good reasons for thinking so. Their longtime pastor who knew them well, and indeed, the ministe who married Adelia and me, used to say of her: "Selma Jones is the smartest woman I have ever known". Dr. N. G. Newman wasn't one for making exaggerated remarks either. She was wise and charming, cheerful and industrious, and was never lost for good judgment, nor ever lacking in loyalt and devotion. A mother with eight children, a born teacher with love, patience, and understandin

Gladioli

To Mrs. B. D. Jones

on Mother's Day 1942

Thoughts of you bring back to me
Flaming banners of gladioli;
Summer gardens and towering shade,
And all the happiness you have made.

And memory brings again to mind
Your many ways of being kind;
And oft I look to God and pray
He'll keep you young and strong and gay.

That from your fields and gardens fair
You'll wear a flower in your hair;
And that your spirit may ever be
Like flaming banners of gladioli!

- from Across The Years

blessed, and well they may. They in turn have long since proved they mean it by their own lives and their careers. Their home training and education and their leadership in their respective communities speak louder than any lines of mine. Find any one of them and you will find someone who has brought honor on his or her parents' name.

While we were resting those few weeks before beginning our work in Suffolk, a tropical storm hi that part of the country. We awoke one morning an saw the lawn covered with broken tree branches. T fields of full grown corn were flattened. Swamps and streams were at floodtide. Here and there a giant tree had been blown down. In Suffolk a giant oak in front of the church and parsonage had been blown down across the street. That autumn two your oaks were planted in the vacancy. During the last of August we settled down in the parsonage. How lovely it was! How spacious and roomy it seemed. Members of the church had stocked the pantry with staple groceries. How nice it was to make many new friends and to see again many whom we had known before.

Before the official starting-day I spent many long hours studying the roll, listing the organizations and studying their aims, memberships, and purposes. Looked at the Sunday school classbooks, teachers and officers names; browsing through minutes of church business meetings, and meetings of boards and committees. My seminary training, my earlier rural pastorship, my few years of school principalships, and two city pastorates had helped me seek an acquaintance with the ongoing of the church. The paid help included a financial secretary, a janitor, organist-choir director and a soloist. I had no assistant, and no secretary. The financial secretary ran such church bulletins as I furnished her for the Sunday services. Beyond that it was voluntary service so I had to keep busy. I was most appreciative of those who found it a real joy to render valiant service in so many places. Adelia's personality, tact and genuine good judgment were there and ever great, as usual.

And now it was the first Sunday in September 1933! Breakfast over I was soon in my study in prayer and expectancy. Ere long I saw first-comers for Sunday School arriving at the educational building door where the office and study are. Up I went to the door and began greeting them, children, parents, teachers.

When the Sunday School began its services I began the rounds of each department on the three floors! Whenever I chose to remain outside the department door I looked through the small glass observing window in the door. What I observed was thrilling. There they were all the way from little folks to young people in excellent fellowship and care of devoted and loyal teachers.

From this experience I hastened to the outer office of my study to the deacons gathering there for their customary greetings and prayers for the minister and the morning worship. They were good to see and easy to greet. Their welcome was most cordial, but as for me I was as usual a bit - oh! scared! The Lord's Supper was to be celebrated on the first Sunday in the month's service. My sermon had been prepared accordingly. The Supper in simple and direct manner would be observed in the service. Prayers over and deacons going into the sanctuary I slipped into my study and knelt in a brief prayer, climbed the stairs to the sanctuary where the choir and large congregation were in place. The organist was playing, others were coming in, at 11:00 o'clock the service began. The music was beautiful. The flowers were lovely. An extra flower-stand had been placed in the chancel. On it there was a beautiful basket of flowers and on it was a card which read: "Love and congratulations from First-Walnut Hills Church, Dayton, Ohio". How thoughtful!

Deacon W. E. MacClenny went with me into the pulpit. Presented me, and in his remarks reminded them that I had been offered a call to the church ten years ago. He remarked on the extra flowers, and he graciously pledged the prayers and cooperation of the church. As I write this page today years

later I can write that that pledge was amply kept. Throughout that first service down about the third pew in front sat Adelia with our two children inspiring me, helping me, and blessing me as none but I could know. So it was and so it has been lifelong!

That first sermon was from Gen. 44:17, "The man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be My servant". The service moved in a sweet and orderly manner, and the Spirit of the Lord was felt by those present if the hearty handshake at the door was any sign.

Happy was my work. I had set out to preach as carefully prepared and well delivered sermons as possible with God's help, and to call in the home of every resident member of the church. It was a big order but I enjoyed it so much. It was indeed just as good as play.

Doing What You Like To Do

You can never be unhappy
   When you're doing what you like,
Though you be a man of forty
   Or a tiny little tike.

If you like what you are doing
   There's a song upon your lips,
Whether guiding little children
   Or commanding mighty ships.

If it suits you and you like it
   That's the test to put it to,
For you'll never be unhappy
   Doing things you like to do.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

I made it a general rule to attend all the meetings of every organization of the church. Of I was only a friendly silent partner. My main pu pose in this was to get to know my people as soon as I could. From the beginning I kept a daily record of my pastoral calls, and meetings, servic and conferences. Thus I had a check on my goings and comings. In a congregation of that size there had to be many calls on the sick, aged, and shut-ins. I liked doing this. I loved it from my earliest student-days ministry. I liked people, and the heart-doors of such seemed always open to my ministry.

From early morning to late at night I was on the job. Mornings study, prayers, telephone, letters, conferences. While from the beginning of my ministry after seminary I kept rather steady devotional discipline in my study first thing as I entered it, the door never was closed to anyone who wished to see me. I taught my people to reali I was a student and that I was devoted to study b that I was available day or night.

We had saved and sent on to Adelia's parents enough to make a first payment on a new Chevrolet, and how proud we were to have it! Later Deacon A. T. Holland made a contribution toward it. This also brought, as I say, "smoke in my eyes"!

Adelia was having just as much fun as I was. Many people in Suffolk knew her family folk well and appreciated them. Her home training and her college training and her five years in the Dayton parish came in well at Suffolk. It was easy for her to find her way around, and to gain confidenc and respect. She had a maid to help her with the house and children. To help, I say, for it alway seemed to me Adelia did most of it. And mark you she was a good member of the church, sang in the choir, worked in the Sunday School, and shared in the women's organizations. Her ways of helping were much appreciated. By the way, Adelia doesn' like for me to "up" her stock, in fact she doesn' like for me to boost my own, but she realizes, wi all due patience, that the style of North Carolin humility is after all about as sincere as that of others.

At autumn when scuppernong grapes were ripe we went out to the grape arbor at Adelia's old home and helped ourselves. John, Jr., twenty months old toddled along as we ate them. He tasted them and we let him have a few but soon after we got back to Suffolk he seemed violently ill. We were frantic until we got a doctor. He relieved him and comforted us and advised no more grapes with seed until he was able to chew the seed or not swallow them, and thanks to Dr. Richardson Joyner. News of this experience spread and helped us to get acquainted with several Suffolk physicians.

The "new broom" increases congregations" was keeping it up which brought us encouragement. The church year was soon coming to its close. The Sunday School had reached the six-hundred mark, the average morning attendance was four hundred and the evening attendance was above two hundred.

Plans for the next church year were shaping up. I soon learned that there was an outstanding indebtedness on the building program of $57,000.00. Retirement and interest on the debt was paid each autumn. One of the most important committees of the church was the Finance Committee. It met regularly each month. It planned the budget to be approved by the church, which included salaries, insurance, general upkeep, miscellaneous items, and the Conference apportionments for missions, which was the largest of any church in the Southern Convention.

An easy going financial plan had permitted rather loosely giving on the part of the members. At the end of the year the balance of whatever was needed was paid up by a small group of large contributors. It worked fairly well, took a little doing at the year's end, and did not challenge everyone to giving as an act of worship.

My own personal experience and my experience as a pastor had convinced me that every man, woman, and child in the church should be taught to consider

the regular, proportionate contributing as one of the joyous parts of the worship service.

Being the new minister it was naturally expected that there would be new ideas aimed at improving the church's progress and its spiritual growth. Therefore, tactfully, I was able to have the Finance Committee to plan a full scale Every Member Canvas. I asked the committee to give me the privilege of conducting the instructional or teaching phase of the program. In these five Monday through Friday evenings we had faithful attendance of the canvassers, and a growing interest. In them whatever wit and wisdom I could bring from my experience made the work pleasant and the final results surprising. Everyone was delighted to see the budget over-subscribed, and many new regular contributors.

Something was most encouraging, namely, that of seeing new members received more frequently. By making previous arrangement a new member might be received on any Sunday. The first Sunday of the month was already established as Communion Sunday when the Lord's Supper was celebrated. This was a service I emphasized for its outstandi worship potential. The congregations became larg on Communion Sunday.

I make no apology for developing an evangeli concern in my student days of preaching. With qu understanding with some of our members who liked sort of concern they would help to keep me posted the unchurched and new comers. The large Sunday School class of men, two large classes of women, and the Sunday School as a whole was of great hel toward enriching the lives of many in leading the to become devout members of the fellowship of believers.

During my first year in Suffolk, with the blessing of the Lord upon us all, I preached for our annual revival meeting, the Rev. O. D. Poythr of our South Norfolk Church leading congregationa singing. The services were a good success. Each

Lenten period I conducted a Pastor's Class with prospective young members. At the close of that year we had received sixty-four new members.

The annual meeting of my first full year, our treasurer, E. H. Rawles, reported that all bills had been regularly paid, the Conference Apportionment had been paid, with no "catch-up" at the year's end. A motion was passed that the minister be given a $500.00 raise in salary, and that the age-old custom of voting on the minister each year be abandoned and that the rule of ninety-day notice by minister or church be observed in its stead.

The fellowship of the Eastern Virginia Conference Ministers was very rewarding. I learned that while I served my five years in Norfolk now, the beginning of which, was ten years ago. It met the first Monday morning in the month at 10:00 o'clock and going from church to church. Travel expense was paid from its treasury. Seeing that so many of our churches were in outlying sections, and also that Suffolk was fairly central, I invited the ministers to make a change in this custom and accept an invitation to meet in Suffolk each month. This proposition they warmly accepted. The rich fellowship of our ministers meant so much to me.

One of the many joys that remains fresh in my memory is that of the friendship of my neighbor, the Rev. Dr. I. W. Johnson. He and "Miss Bertie", his wife, lived in Suffolk in a home given to them as a wedding present by her parents. How about that! Mrs. Johnson was an excellent member of the Suffolk Church and sang in the choir until it robed in church gown for the first time. They were beautiful and were ordered from a company in England. Dr. Johnson enjoyed fishing on the freshwater lakes near by, Lake Kilby and Lake Prince. As long as I was in Suffolk we enjoyed this enriching fellowship.

"Dr. I. W." as I often called him was a "wheel" in our Southern Convention, being its secretary for many years. For a half century he was pastor of Oakland Church, Chuckatuck, Va., only a few miles

from Suffolk, and pastor of two other large rural churches at the same time for nearly a half centur He came to them after graduating at Elon College, stayed with them, grew with them and they grew wit him. He was a good friend, a good scholar, a wise man and an excellent fisherman. He taught me to fish. However, I went with him only rarely and th he picked me up at dawn because I kept fairly busy at my work in my parish.

They had no children of their own but those w did have looked to them for counsel and guidance which they received graciously. The three churche he left behind are each one: Oakland, Liberty Spr and Berea, are now served by fulltime, seminary graduate, ministers.

How we enjoyed our August vacations! Both Adelia and I enjoyed the month long let up and res I sometimes thought a month without a pastor, although services were arranged for the time, was to long, but whenever I said anything about it they said jokingly, or perhaps seriously, that they needed a rest from the pace I was putting them through.

At Adelia's home nearby, or my home in Rockingham County, N. C., or at the beach we had fun. Our children were getting where they could enjoy the play and togetherness to the full. This was great happiness for us also.

Ann and John, the Joneses' first grandchildre felt right at home at their mother's old home. In Carolina the scene was changed. My old home had been enlarged, and so had the tobacco crop. The little roads to the tobacco barns and other houses, the rides on gentle horses with granddad Truitt's help, or the rides on the empty, big sleds as they went back to the field for another load of "primmi were excitement and fun.

But our times at the beach about topped them all. The quiet wide expanse of the beach at Ocean Park with the pretty sand and summer sun was always sweet to remember.

Children At The Beach

A little girl and a little boy
   There found the water such a joy
That to the beach ten times a day
   They both would go, or in it stay.

And if their Dad did seek a nook
   Where he could read a pleasing book,
Right there they stood right by his side
   To make a plea for the rising tide.

Or if their Mother would play a game
   The situation was the same;
For standing near they both would be
   Just begging Mother for the sea.

Ah, Daddy, he had come to rest,
   To read a book and play his best;
And so had Mother who said to him:
   "We came to rest, they came to swim".

And so they swam with girl and boy
   And filled their little hearts with joy;
And Mother said and so did Dad
   "'Tis th' best vacation we've ever had"!

- from Across The Years

I wish I could write my years in Suffolk as beautiful as they were. These pages are not designed to give a year by year account of those years. There are available published church records in Annual Conference minutes and reports for anyone interested. I shall write of people and incidents, as, when and how they come to my memory.

Chapter Eighteen - The Suffolk Church Goes Forward

The Suffolk years were truly great and sweet years. Indeed God's blessings were upon them. To Him be given all praise and thanksgiving for His blessings on the church and the families thereof, and His blessings on my wife and children. Adelia was with me there and then, capable and ready in every way. She was anxious to make her home lovely and the word mother as beautiful to her own children as her mother had made it to her. How proudly I can say of her she was a good mother of Ann and John, Jr., truly a helpmeet in the home and the church. Never officious or out of the best of taste, she added a gentle spice of helpfulness and fellowship in many places. By her own nature she would prefer that I leave this paragraph out, but since it is true, and neither of us running for any office, preferment or praise I shall let it be.

Here I go again. Ann and John were loved by all. They were courteous, obedient and ready to hapoily fit in at home, at church, at school. They contributed a good voice to each of our four church choirs. They both graduated at the twelve grades school one year ahead of time. Ann received private training in piano, voice and expression; John was a Boy Scout, paper boy and a delivery boy for a big department store.

How shall I write the Suffolk years? I shall not record them month by month and year by year. Let us say the pattern has been already fairly well set. A daily record was kept in my diary. Three handy little notebooks of new members, marriages and deaths were kept. In the little handbook of new members their addresses, and on the opposite page, alphabetically corresponding, was a list of names and addresses of possible prospective new members. The routine of keeping such was light, once it was set up and habitual. It was the on-going work and the rewarding result that counted.

Mrs. Craig R. Wallace, Eloise, was a very tale and accomplished musician. She was a graduate of Oberlin, Ohio, majoring in music. She was looked on as one of the best organists and choir directors in that section. She had two excellent choirs, but neither of them was vested. A few members considered vestments too formal. The church voted for the vestment upon the recommendation of Miss Julia Brinkley, Chairman of the Music Committee. Only one member of the volunteer choir stepped asid The choir increased and eventually two other choirs were added: Church Choir, Chancel Choir, Young People's Choir and the Junior Choir. All wore beautiful choir robes.

Dr. J. E. Rawls, founder, along with Dr. J. L. Harrell, of Lakeview Hospital, was a valuable leade in the Suffolk Church. He was not only a good physician but a genuinely Christian gentleman. He was a deacon and a Sunday School teacher. His was a large class of women. They called themselves the Junior Philathea Class to distinguish themselves from an excellent class of women known as the West Bible Class, which was taught by Lt. Gov. J. E. Wes

Dr. Rawls was born and reared in Adelia's home church community and was a first cousin of her dadd He loved people and cheerfully expected to help everyone he could. He was excellent in his attenti to patients. Himself a handsome man in the glow ar good cheer of health he inspired faith and trust ir his patients. I can see him now making his early rounds, a nurse at his side, and speaking a good word as he made such observations as the case required. On Sundays as soon as he finished his rounds he came to his classroom, wrote an outline of the lesson on the big blackboard, and back home to bring his family to Sunday School and church. His family of wife and eight children filled a pew. He was free of sham and full of good common sense, attended evening services, board meetings and business meetings whenever not kept in some emerger position.

Years ago visiting one of my mother's first cousins, who at the time lived at Elon, and whom I liked to visit as one of my dearest friends, I jokingly remarked that as a minister I guessed I would get a big thrill out of calling on old ladies. Even then I knew how much I would like it for although I had not yet tried it as a minister I had loved old people from my youth up. But my cousin, Lizzie Jane Lester, was quite quick to come back at me with "You'd better".! Mark you, that remark haunted me and helped me all across the years.. She lived to be really old and to remain dear and wise. One of her sons, by the way, is the Rev. Dr. F. C. Lester, well known in his own rights across our fellowship, as is his wife Emily on the church's national staff. How often and how often I have been heartened and cheered by old people. Only one or two examples are needed for these sketches. A book's-worth could be written.

On my first round of visiting the homes of my church folk in Suffolk I found Mrs. Nancy Byrd Holland. She was old, disabled by the dread disease of pellegra.. She kept most in her room in the home of her most kindly daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Small. She had heard of the new minister, and seemed surprised and glad to see me. I told her I was her minister and wanted to get acquainted with her and be her pastor. I had studied the church roll I did not have her name on it. I asked her where she kept her membership. "In my trunk", she replied. Then she warmed up to telling me how she raised her children in the Holy Neck Church. I had a good time letting her talk as I urged her on. Twenty-five years ago they moved to Suffolk. She got her Letter of Transfer to unite with the church and although they all attended, she "just never got around to joining the church". "How about joining this coming Sunday", I asked. "Oh, I'm too old and bed-ridden". To make a long story short I convinced her that our church knew her family and would be glad to receive her on her Letter of Transfer inabsentia. So Sunday she was duly voted in! What a blessing to her, to me and to the church. Folks found their way to her home and were blessed by their visits. The C. E. Smalls were so grateful. Tired and spent at the end of a

long day, as I headed home I often made a call on her, and the prayer I prayed for her blessed me more than it did her. This incident enlarged the ministry of the church, and blessed it more than we realized.

Let me pause at this place in these pages to write that I have long since left off the use of the phrase "Old ladies" and "Old men". People do not call me old although as I copy this, if I live, I shall be eighty next birthday.

When I became pastor of the Suffolk Church Col. J. E. West was Lt. Gov. of the Commonwealth of Virginia. He had served in the General Assembly for twenty-five years with distinction and honor. He was deeply interested in his church and came regularly, and taught his Sunday School Class. He, like the West family before him, put his church first, and he served in responsible posts locally and beyond. Mrs. West was a lady with great charm and loyalty. With the help of her sister, Miss Effie Beale, and her maid their spacious and hospitable home was enjoyed by many.

For the last years of my ministry in Suffolk Col. West was no longer in the General Assembly and regularly at his insurance business. I had the privilege of ordaining him a deacon, and he frequently said in private and public he considered being made a deacon was one of the highest honors he had ever received. Also I had the joy of receiving his son-in-law and two fine young grandsons into our church. Near the close of my ministry he in rioe honorable years passed on to his heavenly reward.

In the winter, 1939-40, for three long months with pneumonia running on into emphysema Adelia was very ill, and at times we almost despaired of her life. I was under great anxiety and strain. Every day and every night of these months are deeply etched in my memory. The physicians and nurses worked faithfully. Nurses were on around the clock. The new wonder drugs were not yet known. For two

weeks of the time she was there I was, at Christmas-time, in the same hospital with influenza. And at the early morning of Christmas Eve my brother Bryan came by my room to tell me that our father had died of a heart attack, and that he was on his way to our old Rockingham County home. Somehow a strength came to me which I did not try to explain. I thanked my brother whose face looked white and sad. I said: "May God bless us", and turned my face quietly to the wall, and Bryan bowed himself quietly out.

The church, friends, and family stood most faithfully with us. Several were typed for the right type of blood, Adelia's brother, James Carlton Jones, had the right type which he gladly gave. Here let me record Adelia's and my undying gratitude to her family, Mother, brothers and sisters for their ceaseless help. Mrs. Ernest H. Stephenson and her husband who lived near us in Suffolk, locked their own doors and took over the parsonage to care for Ann and John, Jr., and me. How about that! Voluntarily and magnificently! For three months they were an immeasurable blessing to us, and to the church, too, for with their help much of the church work went on as usual. I preached twice every Sunday except the three I was in the hospital.

That Christmas found Ann's and John, Jr.'s. mother and father in the hospital. Steve and Rawles, and Florence, our maid, saw to it that their Christmas had all the "fixins'"! A beautiful Christmas tree, beautifully decorated, gifts and gifts all about everywhere. At 2:00 o'clock at night Ann and John, Jr. slipped downstairs and turned the lights on the tree. Just as they were opening their eyes in wonder and amazement down came two Santas from upstairs and hustled them back to bed. I laughed through my tears as they told me about it in the hospital! Adelia was too ill to be told about it at that time.

That was a time I tell you! But the good Lord, whose Birthday was being celebrated gave us strength our burdens to bear. His hand had not been shortened and He gave help and showed mercy.

When Adelia was able to know what was going again she suffered so much by the tube inserted i her back. Finally she was able to return home wi a nurse with her. How feeble and poorly she look but how glad to have that much progress. But she began to grow yellow, and weak, and pale. Back the hospital she had to go. The emphysema requir a bigger tube for drainage, the removal of part o a rib in her back to insert it. A few more weeks of battle, and drainage ceased, the lung healed a she was slowly and surely home again. Hope and faith and joy arose all around and she was defini on the road to recovery.

The church and community and all of us had an experience which tightened the bonds of affect and love. The Lord blessed those bonds. Eventua Adelia did not less, but more. She was greatly appreciated before, now she was loved by all.

I am writing these lines thirty years later. She is busy, enjoys giving much service. It seem she never holds back, but continues to give her t with great joy. How often we would rejoice, cour our blessings, and give our heavenly Father thank for His goodness to us.

From early childhood Ann and John, Jr., love to sing, and they had a good ear for music. At church and school they fit in well in singing gro At home in some little family circle they sang th favorite songs. I remember how our family physic Dr. J. Lewis Rawls, used to like to hear John, Jr little program: "There are all sorts of pills; p pills, white pills, brown pills, headache pills, cold pills, little pills, big pills, round pills, what this world needs is Gos-pills"!

Early they learned the value of money. We s to encourage them to give to the work of the chur a part of their stewardship. They knew of their parents' liberal contributions to the church, to College, and outside worthy causes. They learned that we had to "make do" in order that we might m good. Ann proudly put some of her small money in

"school bank" and became a saver. John, Jr., bega at eight selling Liberty magazines, and from that the morning newspaper. How often from that day till he graduated it was: "Daddy, I found a job"! And how proudly Ann came one day at the end of the school year with a one-hundred dollar bill for her saving!

For record, some of Adelia's services in her Suffolk days: President of the Eastern Virginia Women's Conference, President of the Women's Convention of the Southern Convention of Congregational Christian Churches - the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Convention was held in the Suffolk Church, and over which she presided - , the Women's School of Missions at Elon College was inaugurated during her administration and presided over in her illness by Mrs. M. L. Bryant, Adelia was first president of the Women's Convention to attend the Women's National Fellowship, and made her first plane flight to Evanston, Ill., to attend same.

When Suffolk High School lost its librarian by the marriage of the teacher in midterm, the principal asked Adelia to take it over temporarily. She did, and he asked her to go tuition free to William and Mary for certification credits by the double summer term. She did and Ann went with her, for English and Voice. She had just graduated at Suffolk. Mother and daughter five days each week and home for the weekends.

Chapter Nineteen - Concluding the Suffolk Years

The Suffolk Church, as the printed Annuals of the Southern Convention will show, went steadily forward through the sixteen years we were there. We received an average of more than fifty members yearly, bringing the total received to eight hundred sixty-nine, raising the membership to fifteen hundred.

We regularly attended all meetings of the Conference - was secretary of the Eastern Virginia Conference for the last eight of my years there - attended the national meetings regularly, served on several committees, and was twice on special assignments. I served as one of the two representatives from our denomination on the U. S. Commission of Chaplains, with Dr. Fred L. Fagley of New York, during World War II, this Commission met every quarter in Washington, D. C., and was addressed by Dwight D. Eisenhower, Admiral King and others at closing banquets. I spent seven days in preaching services and conferences at Camp Lee, and two days in the training service of Navy chaplains at Williamsburg, Virginia.

I served a term of two years as President of the Southeastern Convention of Congregational Churches. In the last years of my ministry Adelia and I attended the National Council of Congregational Christian Churches, meeting in Berkley, California. We drove a new Chevrolet car and took with us from Berkley, Virginia delegate Mrs. James Monroe Harris, and from Driver, Virginia delegate Mrs. Herbert R. Harrell. The meeting was at our month's vacation in August. We took one whole month "seeing the sights"! It was a wonderful trip, and is described in At Writing Time, pgs. 113 - 121.

In the Henderson, North Carolina Southern Convention's Biennial session I was surprised and honored to be elected President of the Convention. This greatly enriched my opportunity to serve and to get more definitely acquainted with its boards, committees, and the five Conferences which it included. I was expected to preside over its

quarterly Official Board Meetings, and to speak for the Convention at the annual sessions of the Conferences. All this was an enriching fellowship.

In the early spring of 1949 the Board of Trustees of the Christian Orphanage at Elon College, N. C., asked me to become its superintendent. I was completely surprised when Clyde W. Gordon and Vitus R. Holt asked me to accept their Board's offer. I answered them in what I thought was a decisive "No". I had never considered anything more my calling than the pastoral ministry which I felt in my first pastorate in 1914.

However, the Orphanage pressed its proposition. Adelia and I discussed it in complete wonderment. What should I do? I humbly prayed for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The Orphanage had searched for six months since the death of its beloved superintendent, Charles D. Johnston, who had been for years a personal friend of mine. He was eighty years old and had served the Orphanage since 1916 when I was his young college student pastor! Adelia and I went over it from every angle. Ann was already a student at Elon. John, Jr., was graduating at high school and would enter Elon in autumn. We would be hard-pressed to keep them in school. The cost would be less if we lived at Elon College. And also the church had reared children in The Christian Orphanage for fifty years and not one had become a minister, a missionary, or a fulltime church assistant anywhere. Perhaps I might be an instrument to change that record. Ministers were much needed, directors of religious education were very hard to find. And even for several years Adelia and I had thought, being so longtime and much connected with Elon, we would like to retire there. So finally family and I were agreed. We trusted God as we had hitherto done, and decided to accept the superintendency of The Christian Orphanage.

We felt we could make our decision better if we kept the consideration to ourselves, with the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and without the pros and cons of our congregation.

On the second Sunday in May, 1949, I put into use for the first time in the Suffolk Church the ninety-day rule. Twenty-five college students were home for Mothers' Day, and some out-of-town members of families were at church with their mothers. It was a large congregation and the service of worship moved steadily along until the customary brief prayer at the close of my service. Before the closing hymn I read my resignation which included words of gratitude for their faithful cooperation and kindness, and an announcement of my acceptance of a call of the Trustees of The Christian Orphanage at Elon College to become the superintendent. To put it mildly they were surprised. John, Jr., and Ann were in the choir, and as the closing hymn was being sung one could see they were deeply moved. How many precious memories there were both in the minds of the members and the preacher's family!

The entire board of deacons signed a petition asking me to reconsider. However, the decision had been definitely made. I greatly appreciated their kindness, and the kindness of everyone. I finished out May and June and they advanced my August vacation to July with the month's vacation salary as hitherto. End of June they gave us a big party with church memb and a goodly number of townspeople present. They gav us a very beautiful silver tea service and many other expressions of affection and love.

Here I bring up a bit of very pleasant unfinishe business. In the previous summer Mr. Walter C. Rawle St. Louis, Mo., was visiting relatives and friends around Suffolk. While looking over a farm of his near Suffolk he tripped over a Virginia creeper vine and fell and broke his leg. He walked on crutches from being crippled in his youth by infantile paraly His chauffer was accompanying him and he brought him to the Suffolk hospital. During convalesence I often visited him and Mrs. Rawles there. Every Monday I left our church bulletin as I went out, and on it occasionally there was one of my own poems. Back in St. Louis he wrote thanking me for my visits and prayers and asking what he could do for me for my friendship. I replied thanking him for his kind letter and assured him that already I was amply

repaid in knowing him and Mrs. Rawles. He was insistent and asked about how many poems I had written. I replied: "A peck basket full of them". He came back to Suffolk in a few months and arranged to have a volume of them published by the church. He was to furnish the funds, and they would have it done. One thousand copies would be printed by the Central Publishing Company, Richmond, Va., John T. Kemodle, president. They were in the hands of the publisher when I resigned, and were shipped to me at Elon College, N. C. shortly after we moved there in July. There were one hundred eight extra copies. An invoice was mailed to Jack W. Nurney, Chairman of the Church Finance Committee, for $1,045.28. I had a copy of it and mailed a check to him for the difference, $45.28, which he promptly returned with an appreciated letter. That was the pleasant unfinished business.

Mr. Rawles suggested the funds from the sale of the book might be used for John, Jr.'s education for the ministry. This book long since sold out of print. Only a few keepsake copies remain. It bears a fitting title: Across The Years.

A few other especially interesting Suffolk items may here be added: The visit of the Mikesell family from our Dayton Church. We enjoyed their visit very much; the week's preaching mission by the Rev. Dr. Douglas Horton; a week's preaching mission by our good friend Rev. Dr. W. E. Wisseman; a week's preaching mission by Rev. Dr. James H. Lightbourne, a week's preaching mission by Rev. Fay Lee Meadows, a fellow Dayton minister; the wedding in our Suffolk parsonage of Fred and Marty Jones of Dayton, now Dr. Geo. Fred Jones of Lancaster, Ohio; the week of teacher training led by Dr. Ferris E. Reynolds of Elon College faculty, visits of Dr. L. E. Smith, president of Elon College; various other visits by folks from our national headquarters in New York, William Kincaid Newman, for instance; our missionaries home and foreign; the honeymoon of the Mapps, Leslie and Mary Mae, and their return visit when their first-born John was nearly six years old. Being their only child at that time Mary Mae spoke of how much she would miss him when he started to school.

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What Is It Now That Lingers?

What is it now that lingers
In these deserted halls,
These little marks of fingers,
And sweet familiar calls,
This toy that here is standing,
As ready quite to start,
This mitten on the landing,
This load upon my heart?

And why do I now listen
At sounds upon the door,
And why do trinkets glisten
Here on this polished floor,
And why this hesitation
'Tween kitchen and the den
With every lovely station
Exactly as it's been?

Yes, as it's been save only,
Its diff'rence is profound,
And I am very lonely,
With silence all around;
For now the lad that's ruling
My heart in ev'ry way
Has now begun his schooling
And out he is today!

- from Across The Years

So much that was beautiful and blest of the eavenly Father must be omitted in these pages. ermit me to try to size it up in these little ines:

I Left My Heart In Suffolk

I left my heart in Suffolk
And how I cannot say,
But wife and home and children
Are figured in some way.

The months and years of working,
The sorrow and the song;
The study and the altar,
And th' calling all day long.

The praying and the preaching,
The many members won;
The funerals and the weddings,
No day seemed ever done.

The giving of the service,
For which the church was made;
The burdens of the members,
And countless calls for aid.

Response in times of sickness
With friendship at its test;
The months which seemed the hardest
Seem now to be the best.

Ah! years I spent in Suffolk,
Seem oh! so sweet today;
And wife, and home, and children,
Are figured in some way!

- from Happiness and Other Poems

Chapter Twenty - They Gather Around Me Little Feet

Moving household goods and my library to Elon College, N. C., was an experience easily remembered for many more things than the ordeal of moving. Two young students, one in college, the other entering college, leaving the lovely little city in which they were reared. Adelia was leaving her native county and the nearby home and the section in which her mother and brothers and sisters and most of her near relatives lived. I was going into all kinds of wonderments at to what and where.

For one thing sure, we were moving into a little three room and bath cottage out of which former tenants had been hustled. There was a new garage with an opened attic above. With two attics and three small rooms we squeezed in. We had spent the night in a hotel in South Hill, Virginia, and reached the above about six sordid, shut in, disconsolate hours before the moving van arrived. With help from the Orphanage staff everything was emptied into every available space, and the four of us were invited to a most delicious dinner in the home of our next door neighbors, staff members, the Garner Hilliards.

My work at the Orphanage was fun. That is my way of saying there were children who needed help which I found myself in a position to give. According to an old proverb, which I learned in childhood, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". There was work. Plenty of it. Successful work is a pleasure Fun. I found it so in all my many school days. My four years of school teaching - two in a one-room school and two as principal of an accredited high school - and in my pastoral services. It thrills me now as I recall those days with a host of children, the faithful staff members, the cooperative board of trustees, the help of the churches, and countless dear, dear friends who so often surprised me and helped me all along the way. The extra loyalty and help of the chairman of our board of trustees, Vitus R. Holt, and the loyal and longtime staff member, L. W. Wagoner, and especially Miss Melva Foster, my

secretary, who succeeded Mrs. Estelle Perry, who had faithfully served us.

I followed a truly great superintendent, Chas. D. Johnston, a leading layman of our church before he assumed the superintendency of the Orphanage. He was a native of Alamance County. He was a deacon and treasurer of the Graham Christian Church. He was Register of Deeds of Alamance County. The Orphanage was in great need of a man such as he was. He accepted the urgent call to The Christian Orphanage out of his deep concern of helpless homeless children and out of loyalty to the call of a church institution.

How often I had heard him say, "Nothing is more appealing to me than a little homeless child". I was a student at Elon, a licenciate minister, and his pastor, when he became superintendent. I, therefore, knew him personally as a good friend and respected him greatly. I knew it was a financial sacrifice to him in becoming superintendent. His gentle spirit, his softly spoken words, his rugged honesty, his interest in Elon College as its treasurer, and his official connection with The Christian Sun, official organ of the Southern Convention, all stood him in good stead.

Likewise, he was most fortunate to have as president of the board of trustees, W. Kirk Holt, a good friend of his and an able and highly respected business man in nearby Burlington.

Fortified by the urgency of his call to the Orphanage and with the outstanding assurance of the general public approval he set forth to make the institution a home. Love and help were to be two big words - in the entire staff and for all the children. He carried the needs of the Orphanage in his own quiet, gentle, business-like way to churches and people all across the Southern Convention and into the hearts and minds of many.

The Christian Orphanage grew. It grew in the service it rendered. It grew in prestige among the

people. It grew in buildings - the Baby Home, as it was called, and the Johnston Hall. It grew in farm-lands and in pasture-lands, and in farm and dairy equipment.

Thirty-three years was a long time to serve in such a position. There were no funds with which to retire a man in old age. Vigor with which to press the upkeep of the Home had lessened and consequently it was ready for renewed help.

It is a rather striking coincident, and a happy one, that the son of W. Kirk Holt, Vitus R. Holt, was president of the board of trustees when I came along. The Kirk Holt family has been, and still is, a very great help to The Christian Orphanage. Mrs. James H. McEwen has been on its board of trustees for several years, and has served as the first woman president of the board. Her brothers and sisters, and her own son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John McCrary are among its loyal supporters. The Kirk Holt children gave the beautiful Holt Memorial Chapel in memory of their parents. The bronze plaque reads as follows:

Holt Memorial Chapel

To The Glory of God

And in Memory of

William Kirkpatrick Holt

and

Maud May Holt

This Chapel is erected by their Children

Vitus R. Holt	Miss Nellie May Holt
Mrs. Iris Holt McEwen	Miss Wilmer C. Holt
Corrie V. Holt	Mrs. Edith Holt Sanders
Miss Violet J. Holt	W. K. Holt, Jr.
A. Glenn Holt	George A. Holt
P. K. Holt	H. Richard Holt

and their vamilies

For the Christian Nurture of Boys & Girls.

I met with the board of trustees before making my decision to become its superintendent. Supt. Johnston had lived in his own home, therefore the board agreed to the building of a home for the superintendent, giving Adelia and me the privilege of choosing the place and style of the home. In the meantime, we lived in the cottage I have already described.

During the six months search for a superintenden Vitus Holt, bless him, gave one day each week, and more, in the office and on the grounds; and L. W. Wagoner in charge of farm and dairy, with his assistant, Garner Hilliard; and Mrs. W. C. Perry, secretary, and the faithful housemothers kept going as best they could. The daily needs of seventy-five children were constant, great and could not wait.

So much was at stake in the lives of these children from four to eighteen, both at the present and in the future. I felt the need of full understanding amongst us. I sought divine guidance upon us all. I prayed at home and in my office as I had done the first thing when I entered my study each day since beginning my first pastorate after my seminary days.

Entering a new type of ministry, I began a definite and serious study of what a child-caring institution was all about. Helping the children under my daily care became a brave and challenging business. If I were to be a father to the fatherless and an executive over a big institution I needed to know the score.

A major part of my beginning work was getting acquainted with the members of my staff, their jobs and sensing their ideas and aims in their work. This was for my learning and my own understanding. One by one, easily and informally, I was here and there, getting acquainted with this angle of my work. Also, I became acquainted with each child. In small groups individually, or in general sessions at meals or meeting times. I studied the record on each child.

I stood a little straighter with what I learned about the who, and why, and what of each one child, and in my heart I held an anxious hope for the whither!

When it rained I had the answer to why some of the plaster was off many second floor bedrooms in the Main Building and in Johnston Hall. The Baby Home Building had been re-roofed. The farm and dairy were thriving. The large campus and grounds were in complete neglect. Coal was hauled from boxcars from nearby railroad switch tracks and dumped in big piles a few yards from each of the three main buildings. Equidistant distant from these sprawling and scattered coal heaps was a dumping ground for trucks from nearby sawmills which generously brought loads of strips and slabs which were used in the cookstoves when they were cut or sawed for same. You can imagine how children could learn to throw this fuel far and near. It was easy to track this into the buildings and on rainy days it was real easy. Boys big enough to work liked to work on the big farm and at the dairy. And there indeed they were needed. Food was a must. No one should be blamed for the situation which had arrived when "hardtimes came a-knocking at the door". I was indeed pleased to see the happiness, togetherness, and readiness which I found there.

In addition to the "Orphanage Page" in The Christian Sun, I began in my first year at the Orphanage the"Monthly Calendar", which was mailed to the trustees, the alumni, and churches and constituency. It sought to put the essential facts in an appealing and concise manner. It put names, needs, birthdays, and welfare of the child close at hand and hopefully in the minds and hearts of a host of friends. I have a copy of each of those Monthly Calendars as a prize possession. They tell the story of our eleven lovely years of pressing forward.

The very first one of these Monthly Calendars carries messages of gratitude and thanks for the increased giving and help being shown. "A new roof for Johnston Hall is called for, and minor repairs in many places are already being made".

Birthday dinners monthly were established while I was in my first year. Each child whose birthday came within the month sat together with Adelia and me. As the date of the child's birthday was called he or she stood and remained standing until each one at the Birthday Table, with cake and lighted candles, one for each child, and then we all sang "Happy Birthday" for them. For instance, the November, 195(list as printed in the Monthly Calendar was:

"November 1, Ella Jean Haith, 10 yrs. old
November 4, Betty Jane Rowland, 6 yrs. old
November 4, Bettie Leigh, 13 yrs. old
November 7, Hubert Cook, 11 yrs. old
November 8, Yvonne Hutchens, 16 yrs. old
November 16, Frances Rowland, 12 yrs. old
November 20, Robert Rowland, 11 yrs. old".

The January 1951 Monthly Calendar has a line whi reads: "Your record for the past year is good. The goal of $55,000.00 was passed by $2,815.47. Thank yo bless you, and may you rejoice with us".

A paragraph from the January, 1951 Monthly Caler reads: "1950 We Saw (1) Every child go through the year with health, happiness, and growth. (2) Central dining-room installed. (3) The milkhouse rebuilt. (4) Some new machinery for the farm purchased. (5) big machinery shed built. (6) Rooms repaired. (7) Eight new beds, mattresses, and springs bought. (8) Worn out water system repaired. (9) A sewer line dug up and replaced. (10) New pasturelands cleared and seeded. (11) Grounds and lawns improved. (12) More vegetables grown. (13) Income improved. (14) Dentist "days" for every child and health-check for many children. (15) "Come-and-see" days emphasized."

One sharp little boy who was showing a visitor around was asked as they looked at some fine hogs: "Do you feed the hogs corn in the ear?" "No, sir, we feed it to them in the mouth"! A line from May 1951 Monthly Calendar.

In the June 1951 Monthly Calendar I read: "Miss Melva Foster, a 1951 graduate of Elon majoring in Christian Education has been employed here as directo of religious activities and secretary.

In September 1951 came the beginning of the Christian Orphanage's beef herd. From Dr. Charles W. McPherson for a registered male Hereford, Wake Chapel Church for two Black Angus from Mr. Herbert Aikins of Fuquay Springs, and two Herefords from Mr. and Mrs. R. P. W. Seamons, Henderson, N. C.

The October, 1951 issue announces completion of the superintendent's home, which will serve the Orphanage as the home of superintendents for years to come. The home was built without taking one nickel from the Orphanage's income or treasury, thanks to many business firms and friends. For this most excellent spirit of cooperation on the part of the board of trustees, and many friends Adelia and I are most grateful. And indeed we give praise and thanks to our heavenly Father. In this same issue it was noted that I had had fire escapes installed on the Baby Home building.

It was in December 1951 on a visit to the Methodist Orphanage in Raleigh, N. C., at the invitation of Supt. and Mrs. Larkin, we saw some beautiful floor-covering in their large diningroom and kitchen which they secured through grocery coupons mailed in by their constituency. Whereupon Adelia started a coupon collecting program which was of good success.

In October of 1952 The Christian Sun began giving us a full, special edition, containing articles about our work by leaders in the church, complete list of children, pictures, and the Thanksgiving goal. This amounted to much help and was very greatly appreciated.

By now three full years at the Orphanage had been completed. Repairing, rebuilding, re-equipping, expanding appeal, and growing interest had not overlooked the children. I sought to be an informed, alert executive, and I prayed to be as understanding and loving as a father.

One morning as I was writing these lines I found in the Monthly Calendar, a little boy came quietly through the open door of my office to see "my big friend" as he called me. As I returned to the writing I reminded the seven hundred people to whom the Monthly Calendar was being mailed that that little fellow had had his warm breakfast and was on his way off to school but only wanted an arm about his shoulders, and the feeling of love and security, and I suggested in the lines written that the reader, too, was his "big friend".

Doing What You Like To Do

You can never be unhappy,
   When you are doing what you like,
Though you be a man of sixty
   Or a tiny little tike.

If you like what you are doing
   There's a song upon your lips,
Whether guiding little children
   Or commanding mighty ships.

If it suits you and you like it,
   That's the test to put it to;
For you'll never be unhappy
   Doing things you like to do.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

He Sowed the Fields With Kindness

He sowed the fields with kindness,
And in the tiny spots,
He sowed a bit of laughter,
Like sweet for-get-me-nots.

He never gained a fortune,
Yet wealth on him was heaped,
His life was filled with blessings,
For what he sowed he reaped.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

There're Clocks

There are clocks to tell the time of day,
And scales to show the weight of hay;
But what rule, sir, would you emoloy
To tell the worth of a little boy?

Measures there are for silver and gold,
By karats the worth of diamonds are told;
There is no measure in all the earth
To tell what a boy or girl is worth!

- from Happiness and Other Poems

Chapter Twenty-One - Continued Progress at the Home for Children

By now the buildings inside had had the walls patched and painted, since the roofs were now in good condition. The campus was all cleaned up. The coal was being stored by coal chutes into bins in the basement built for that purpose.

The kitchen stoves were old and burnt out. The door of one of them had to be propped shut with a stick of the stovewood. A big new commercial gas range was bought and installed in the kitchen of the large Main Building. The big dining room was completely redecorated by the good graces of the men of our First Congregational Christian Church in Greensboro, Dr. W. E. Wisseman, pastor. The large kitchen was State-inspected, equipped with Pyrofax gas, steel equipment and brought up to standard State requirement. Yes, we owed our bank something. But our name wasn't "mud" with nearly three hundred acres of as good land, and forests, and water as could be found in the Piedmont. A good and wise businessman standing by my side as he finished looking it all over said: "Truitt, you are cooking with gas. Tell the people what you are doing and what you need. You will get it".

In 1954 I was elected president of the North Carolina Orphanage Association. I was humbled and honored, and grateful for the privilege of helping in any way I could to make the work into which all of us were more effective. While very few of us were preachers in the formal sense, all of us felt we were in a calling of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto Me".

At that meeting of the Association I made the major address as follows:

Of Such Is the Kingdom of God

> "There were brought unto Him little children that He should put His hands on them and pray. And He took them up in His arms, and put His hands upon them, and blessed them...and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of God'" Mt. 19:13, Mk. 10:16, Luke 18:17.

Mr. President and my fellow workers: Your program committee knew that when it comes to Social Work and Group Childcare I am only a layman. The members must have known that I would speak from out of my experience, and from my heart. They also knew that I am a minister of the Gospel. They would not expect me to apologize for that!

In the meantime, a member of the staff of the State Department of Welfare has written a request for a copy of my speech for our State Orphanage Association's "News 'N Views". A tacit suggestion that I make what I say worth printing!

My subject: "Of Such Is the Kingdom of God" I have taken a text from the words of the beloved physician Luke. The word "such" refers to a little child in the arms of Jesus whom He "touched and blessed" as parents and followers gathered about Him.

In a gathering such as ours here today these words will find a warm welcome. Each one of us is here because we wanted to be in the work of child-care. We should examine our reason for wanting to be in. If anyone of us came just to have a job, or for any other lesser reason, selfish or unselfish, let us hope that long since, looking into trusting faces of children, we are now first and last anxious to help them, to help give them a fair chance to "increase in wisdom, and stature and in favor with

God and man". And thus become ourselves an humble part of "the kingdom of God". One of two sets of circumstances have brought us into this work. From days of youth, in high school, or college, or when definitely seeking the choice of a life work we saw the need, heard the call, felt the challenge, considered it, and accepted it. Then followed the proper course of training, paid the price of preparation in college and postgraduate degrees including sharpening their tools in internships, and are here among us today. Bless them. You are not sounding brass or tinkling cymbals! But also there are the others who had no formal training in Social Service, but who somewhere along the road of life had the opportunity to join up in the fellowship of childcare where since love of children and the desire to use their best talents and training. I know people like that, both women and men, I work with them every day. I am deeply grateful for them. And what is more, there are many children who will rise up and call them blessed!

Most of you here today are house-mothers in our many homes for children. Let me tell you that your work is profound with the destiny of the children and youths you serve. Little needy children are brought to us that they may follow in the train of the good and true and noble all the days of their lives.

House-mother - the very name implies so much for so many, strength of character, wisdom, self-denial, patience, and love. Paul the apostle says in his great chapter: "Love keeps no score of wrong". I Cor. 13.

In my own youth, early teens, away at boarding school, being lonely, being brave, being "big", and sometimes a nuisance. I was kept in after school and not nearly the first time, and not with the other few offenders in school, but of all things, in the lady principal's private office! I can see that gentle, wise lady looking at me now. I was being kept in after school for talking. I'm surprise

at that! Aren't you? There was no smile on her face, but gentleness, with anxiety to be helpful and kind. Already I was ashamed of breaking the little old rule which seemed to unnecessary to me, but so important to them.

When she finished talking I really wanted to have her as a friend, and I wanted to be some of the fine things she forecast for me. I had looked on her as being great and worthy of the admiration students gave her. But now here she was, with so many other things to consider, taking time to help me. We never know how far the right moments and word of understanding and help may go. It is a lesson I have learned by now in a thousand ways. For you I make my own little poem:

These Little Ones

Into your hands we place today
These little ones as plastic clay;
These little ones your hands to take
And shape them by the molds you make.

Their destiny is yours to weave,
Tomorrow's course with you we leave;
Just make them strong and straight and true,
These little ones we trust to you.

Oh! more than things help them to prize
Make them fair and square and wise;
Teach them that life is bigger far,
Than fame and name and fortune are.

Teach them to aim wherever they live
To give the best that they can give,
And be, and do, what they should do,
These little ones we trust to you.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

At some magic, fateful place which we may not long remember, we may say the word, or give the help which will not be forgotten, not ever!

Let me speak of keeping oneself in daily readiness of mind and spirit. Blessed is the person who finds time to quietly meditate and reverently seek divine guidance and help. Remember the Scripture lesson I read said: "That He might lay His hand on them and pray". You will not use my way of prayer. I may not use yours. But our very hopes and wishes, our faith and love expressed in our efforts can be of immeasurable worth. The loving touch of our hand may be the touch of His hand. The simple little voicing of our approval may become a benediction to the lad or lass who had the kind word of approval spoken to him or her. Ah! yes, and ah! yes, that goes for every member of the staff and those beyond our campuses! The kind word!

On the staff of all our homes for children is one who may seem at times to be sort of unnecessary, namely, the superintendent. What a privilege he has! And what a number of chances he has to join with the other members of his staff in wondering whether he knows what he is doing! Happy and fortunate if he can catch something of the spirit of the golden rule, namely, "Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you even so to them". It was said by Him who said: "He who would be greatest among you (not that any superintendent wishes to be greatest alongside his helpers) let him be servent of all"! Let him be servant of all! I like that!

Let him have time to be a friend, a listener, a loving teacher, and example to each child. Let him laugh with them, join with them. Let him surprise them by being never too far, or big, or busy, to help them. And that is a big order, but that goes for every member of his staff. With the right spirit one can be kind in a moment without seeming to hurry. And if he has to hurry let him hurry!

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Let him seek to see both sides of a staff member's problem, ready to help a staff member to arrive at his or her own best judgment and ready to have faith in, and to give support to, the decision. A superintendent should be a good seeker himself of help - help divine always, help from his staff, members of his trustees, and his constituency.

I close with the suggestion that each of us in our several positions do our work with humility, with all sincerity, and a good sense of humor, to keep us from taking ourselves too seriously and working too hard, and may every child that knows us respect us, and maybe love us! Amen.

Regular meetings were held by the State Board of Public Welfare and I enjoyed being often appointed by the Commissioner, Dr. Ellen Winston, to serve on one or the other of its committees, along with others of our child-caring institutions. It was my privilege to serve as President of the North Carolina Orphanage Association for two disconnected terms. I prize this letter from Dr. Winston: "Dr. John G. Truitt, Superintendent, Christian Orphanage, Elon College, North Carolina. Dear Dr. Truitt: It has been a pleasure for the State Board of Welfare to work with you throughout this past year when you have served so effectively as President of the North Carolina Orphanage Association. We think that the establishment of "News-N-Views" during your administration will be more and more helpful to all of us in keeping abreast of developments in this important field in the years ahead. Sincerely, Ellen Winston, Commissioner."

In this connection I may state here that I was a member of the North Carolina Conference of Social Service, representatives of same served on the committee that set up the program of "In-Service-Training", on which committee I represented the Orphanages and was one of the signatories of the contract that established the plan by the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Closing for the purpose of the pages I shall list from records, diaries, and "Monthly Calendars", some of the things done during my eleven years' administration. They are not listed necessarily in chronological order nor in rank of importance, but briefly and with a deep sense of gratitude to all who helped make them possible. Most of all I am grateful to the heavenly Father who had watched over us all the way.

1. Emphasized the homelike atmosphere already well established in the Orphanage.

2. Being President of the Southern Convention, I was able to bring about a renewed concern of the Convention, its churches, and individuals for the Orphanage.

3. Major cleanup of campus.

4. Minor repairs on each of the three main buildings.

5. Rebuilt milkhouse and feedmill house.

6. Major repairs, new roof, newly plastered walls, etc. on Johnston Hall.

7. Discarded three burnt-out cookstoves.

8. Purchased large commercial gas (Pyrofax) range, and rebuilt Main Building kitchen to State inspected and approved standards.

9. Completely redecorated the Main Building's large diningroom.

10. Began serving all in main diningroom.

11. Began having Burlington Rotary Club for annual Thanksgiving supper and children's service in Orphanage diningroom.

12. Johnston Hall diningroom became study and assembly room.

13. Began library of dictionaries, reference, and reading books.

14. Large front Johnston Hall room refinished, refurnished for reception room.

15. Kitchen in Johnston Hall became laundry-room, new cabinets and shelves.

16. Same building shower bathroom for the boys, complete with piping, and drainage.

17. Added two new matrons: sewing and kitchen.

18. Instituted one-day-off each week for matrons, and a week-end off monthly.

19. Raised matrons' wages in keeping with those of other orphanages.

20. Repaired the three residences on the campus, and put white asbestos shingles on sidings of two of them.

21. Built the Superintendent's Home and without using any funds from the Orphanage treasury.

22. Had State Highway to extend Trollinger Avenue so as to connect it with Oak Avenue.

23. Orphanage's portion of Antioch and Trollinger paved.

24. Complete set of formica-top tables with matching chairs solicited from friends for big diningroom.

25. Televisions and radios in reception rooms of three main buildings - gifts of friends.

26. Beautiful Holt Memorial Chapel, completely equipped, sanctuary, fullspace basement, restrooms, furnace, gift to the Home by the W. Kirk Holt family.

27. Circular drive on campus to Holt Chapel, and appropriate shrubs planted throughout the campus.

28. Several no-longer-used shacks were removed.

29. Swamps were cleaned up, scrub spruce pines were bulldozed off, pastureland seeded and fertilized, new straight attractive fences were installed.

30. A herd of beef cattle was begun with solicitations from friends.

31. Four-acre State approved lake was built and stocked by the State with fish.

32. A complete irrigation system was installed.

33. Orphanage joined town and college in installing a long needed sewage filter system.

34. The John Crawford land, breaking Orphanage frontage on Highway 100, was purchased.

35. The former M. A. Atkinson home which stood at the entrance of the Orphanage campus, and a build lot adjoining it fronting on Trollinger Avenue, was bought.

36. The sponsorship of a child by a church or an approved family was emphasized.

37. First legal adoption of one of the Orphana children was done by court approval, and happily.

38. Collecting of coupons was begun.

39. Began the attendance of the superintendent on the two-weeks summer school for orphanage executives at Chapel Hill.

40. Began the going of housemothers to a two weeks training following the Supts'. school.

41. The celebrated "in-training" on orphanages campuses was begun by the North Carolina University at Chapel Hill. Being president of the State Orphanage Association at the time I representated the child-caring institutions, served on the committee, and was one of the three signers of the document that established it.

42. John Biggerstaff was employed as assistant to the superintendent and with the privilege of commuting to Chapel Hill for work toward his M. A. degree in Social Science, which he in time won.

43. In my first year I began a four-page Monthly Calendar, which became one of my best promotion plans, as it was mailed to more than seven hundred of our constituency including many persons beyond the Southern Convention.

44. Effected early a raise from the Conference Apportionments from $15,000.00 to $20,000.00.

45. The National Council of Congregational Christian Churches, headquarters in New York City, listed us as its Home for Children and numbered us in its Friendly Service commission.

46. Began the representation of our Orphanage in the denominational, and interdenominational councils.

47. Held Monday morning meetings of matrons during regular public school days, and occasionally in the summer, on call.

48. As an economy measure the Board of Trustees discontinued the major farm operations and cut off the dairy and poultry operations, retaining cattle and hog raising, and vegetable gardening including corn.

49. A 19-ft. walk-in freezer was installed in the Baby Home storage basement by the Homecoming Society in memory of former Supt. Chas. D. Johnston.

50. The sale of three limited sections for restricted homes was authorized by the Board of Trustees, and water and sewer was made available for same.

51. Several lots were sold and beautiful homes built.

52. Southern Convention authorized a campaign by The Christian Home for Children for $200,000.00 for improvement and buildings.

53. After much study it was decided the Main Building was becoming unsafe, two new modern, childcare-approved cottages were to be erected to take its place and other needs were to be met.

54. The Fund Raising Campaign was organized, with Mrs. James H. McEwen, honorary chairman, and Clyde W. Rudd, reared in the Orphanage, graduated at Elon College and business man of Greensboro, a member of the Board of Trustees, as chairman, and Paul Frazier, of the Ketchum Company, Charlotte, N. C., as director.

55. The CHIP (Christian Home Improvement Program) raised in cash and pledges $211,000.00, and eventually went to $213,000.00.

56. Architect's plans were approved and the Monroe Construction Co. employed. So The Christian Home for Children was on the go.

57. On July 23, 1958 we received a check from the estate of Mrs. Addie V. Montgomery, late of Burlington, N. C. in the amount of $22,100.00, which was set aside "for some major memorial" to her and her late husband, Dr. H. M. Montgomery.

58. Thus the two new cottages would be the Montgomery and Rudd Cottages - Clyde W. Rudd gave $30,000.00 to the CHIP Campaign.

59. Mrs. James L. Foster, Sr., widow of the Rev. James L. Foster, first superintendent, with Mrs. Foster as the first housemother, established a fund from the sale of her handmade dolls, the interest on which is divided each year among high school graduates of The Christian Home for Children.

60. Mr. and Mrs. Marvin W. McPherson established the John W. Foster Memorial Fund in the amount of $2,000.00, Jas. L. Foster, Jr., trustee.

61. The Chester H. Roth Co. Fund was established in 1955, through Clyde W. Gordon of Burlington, N. C., a member of the Board of Trustees

62. The new survey for the Elon road from Burlington left a strip of the Home's land between the road and the Magnolia Cemetery, which strip of land they gave through the town of Elon College to the cemetery.

63. Early in the Truitt administration fire-escapes were built on two sides of the Baby Home building.

64. Southern Convention approved increasing the Home's Board of Trustees from 15 to 18, two of whom may be from other denominations.

65. The big hay and cow barn burned in 1957 and a new one was built in 1958.

66. Two came visiting our Christian Home for Children from New York state representing the settling of an estate there, promised us $5,000.00, maybe; about a year later sent us $10,000.00.

67. I conducted a fifteen minute radio program over WFNS in Burlington weekly for nearly two years in 1951-52.

68. Mrs. Maggie Dixon, a cousin, from Summerfield, N. C. donated eleven big English boxwoods for the Superintendent's Home, valued at $500.00.

69. An Elon College Orphanage Sewing Club was established in a Hendersonville, N. C. church which sews Christmas novelty gifts, and donates sale of same to the Home for Children.

70. Elected for the second time President of the North Carolina Orphanage Association.

71. Began the complete edition of The Christian Sun to boost Thanksgiving Offerings in 1952.

72. Began special emphasis on Memorial giving in 1952.

73. Connected Superintendent's Home with Elon town water system via The Christian Home for Children, the deepwell supply was sometimes often inadequate.

74. Suffice it to say here that eleven of the most mature years of my life were lived in honest, devoted and vigorous service at our Church's Home for Children. I gave myself to it unreservedly. I loved it because I felt God's blessings and guidance. I learned a lot from little children and growing youth. They have been among my best teachers.

It is something, indeed, to be a father and friend to "eleven years worth" of seventy-five to eighty-five helpless, deserving, happy, hopefilled and hopefilling children. At times the going was hard, but strength sufficient seemed ever ready at hand.

For the many joys that meant to us I am most grateful. They were good years with lofty horizons, something to be remembered. Mature men and women who were with us then knock on our door to tell us so now.

It is now more than ten years since we left the now "Elon Home for Children". We have every reason to be happy and expandable in so many ways and times.

We are proud of the progress of the Elon Home for Children led by the mind and heart and capable hands of my good friend, Dr. W. W. Snyder and Mrs. Snyder. I knew him well when he was a young pastor in Burlington. I persuaded him to become a member of the Board of Trustees, which he did, and a good one. I watch his growth with thankfulness and gladness and bless it wherever I can.

The Farmer Sows His Fields

The farmer sows his fields of wheat
And plants in rows the corn,
While gather round me little feet
That dance my fears to scorn;
The harvest yields abundant grain
There planted row on row;
In coming years what will remain
Of the seeds of love I sow?

The farmer trusts his faithful toil
And rain from up above;
Sows grains of wheat in fertile soil
While I sow seeds of love;
The farmer reaps his harvest great
And with his work does well,
But for my harvest I shall wait -
And only God can tell.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

When Day Is Done

Help me, O Lord, to leave the day
With all its work and going,
Right in Thy hands with faith it may
Be blessed beyond my knowing.

Help me, O Lord, to trust in Thee
When days are long and trying;
And grant, O Lord, that I may be
Above all doubt and sighing.

Help me, O Lord, to do my best,
No trouble let me borrow,
And keep me while I sleep and rest
And guide me on tomorrow.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

Chapter Twenty-Two - Retirement a Little Tricky

If you have never tried retiring you will find it a little tricky. The relaxation, the being out from under, make it seem sort of unreal. At first it is a "big Saturday afternoon off", or a vacation with nothing to vacate. Soon, however, it is real and fun. I am retired, but I was never unhappy about it. "...I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep". As a matter of fact I am never able to come to the catching-up place. There were, and still are, so many things I want to do. For example, I am working on these lines on January 30, 1971!

Adelia and I both like plenty of room, room to get out and about and around on home territory. We had both been reared on family farms. Her home land was actually large, to me mine only seemed so. And now for the first time we own our "Little Acre" in the heart of a college town and on it a big roomy house surrounded by tall oakes and towering pines. The back lots were rapidly becoming a wilderness.

This all had to come clean. Not in a day, not in a month, not in a year, but steadily it gave way, until now it is beautiful. I set to work to make the outside surroundings as livable looking as Adelia and the carpenters and I had made the inside. The lawn needed much attention. Shrubs both evergreen and flowering had been neglected. The grass was patchy and poorly kept. Several loads of soil were hauled in to low and bare places. The back lots had grown up in briars, bushes, wild locusts with thorny branches, wild cherries and mulberries. A giant oak killed by lightening, still stood with its great dead branches falling mercifully off. Other saplings were growing among dead peachtrees. Three large apple trees remained amidst brambles and briars.

A rather detailed description of the place may be found on page 109 of my book titled "Little Acre", a book of verse and a few prose pieces.

Now let me tell you about the house. When we had been living in Elon for about a year, we saw a sign on the late Supt. Johnston's home offering the house and lots for sale. Adelia called my attention to it and inquired of the real estate agency about it. It had much concerning it we liked. It was downtown one block from the postoffice, across the railway and the two parallel streets from our alma mater. It was an impressive house with nine big, high-ceilinged rooms downstairs and four big rooms upstairs, built years ago in the days of fireplaces for heat and wells for water. It had large porches, high attic, and two very tall chimneys. Some of the fireplaces had been transformed into coal-burning stoves, or heaters.

We had nothing but dreams to buy it with, and our dreams were not listed in Dunn and Bradstreet! We conferred with D. Roy Fonville of First Federal and Saving Association. Adelia conferred with three of her brothers, Dr. Darden Jones in Franklin, Va., Dr. Brock D. Jones, Jr., in Norfolk, Va. and James Carlton Jones in Holland, Va., and she was in business. She would make the house into four apartments, two downstairs, two upstairs.

It took quite a bit of doing to change the four upstairs rooms into two complete apartments. The wide hall helped for closets, for the two bathrooms, and one of the two kitchens. The four bedrooms were for each apartment a big livingroom, and a big bedroom. It was easier to make the two downstairs apartments, closing three sets of tall sliding doors and making minor arrangements such as putting a bathroom into the butler's pantry, and there it was. At this same time with Adelia's position as the librarian of our accredited high school and a friendly contractor who would help us with a good crew the four apartments were soon rented, and have been easily rented all along. The upstairs apartments are entered by a private stairway from the back hall.

As the time for my retirement began to come close we could see one of the apartments would be too small for our furniture and comfort. Therefore, we had the

builder who had helped us with the apartments to come back and help plan for our using the whole downstairs.

The big sliding doors were pushed back open, the three sets of tall, double doors were removed, the original kitchen became the guest room, a back bedroom and bath became the kitchen and a back bathroom became laundry room and halfbath. The adjacent private livingroom became the diningroom, the front livingroom on same east side became our den, and the parlor, west front, became our livingroom, back off it what was the big diningroom became our bedroom, the adjacent butler's pantry became the bathroom. The beautiful winding stairway in wide center hall was closed with a builtin bookcase, a big clothes closet was built closing the door which originally entered the diningroom, which made a closet for our bedroom and another closet was built in our bedroom. And a door opened onto the backporch. The door led across the backporch through a partitioned-off portion into the kitchen bypassing the partitioned-off laundry-room. The door which opened into the main hall from the backporch opens now into the pantry and deepfreezer-room. A furnace was installed for heating the apartment, a window which looked onto the eastside porch became a door which is now one of the three entrances into our home. Come to see us.

I Love Colonial Houses

I love colonial houses,
With their strong and massive doors;
I love their winding stairways,
Their hearths and hardwood floors.

I love their gleaming windows,
And carved and panelled walls;
I love their spacious bedrooms,
And their broad and roomy halls.

But I'd miss the modern shower
And the new electric range
To the very old colonials
I would make a bit of change.

I would multiply the closets
And I'd add a modern heat
And a dozen other fixtures,
E'er I call the home complete.

For I could not hire the servants
It would take to go with such
So I'd give the old colonials
Quite a bit of modern touch!

- from Happiness and Other Poems

July 14, 1960 was a big day! Moved in, we were thrilled with all the new arrangements made. And, of course, as time went on, and as we were able we made the final payment, and, indeed, added other items for comfort and pleasure. How the Lord had blessed us, and how humble and thankful we were, and still are. It was good to have Adelia's sister, Mary Rawles Jones Stephenson and a good Suffolk, Va., seamstress, Mrs. Hulda Hazlett help with curtains and drapes.

Now I could get going with the lawn, and the overgrown, neglected back lots. With the new experience of being retired it was a great blessing to have the lawn and the back lots to keep me healthy, happy and busy. And I must not overlook the giant oak trees shade and singing pines. Nor must I forget my pastime hobby of writing verses, called by some, poems; and for years I have habitually written a homily daily. This I could now enjoy with renewed enthusiasm.

Somewhere in these pages I have told you about twelve little lead pencils. It became a hobby of mine to carry a short, stubby pencil in my trousers pocket. Thus, coat or no coat, if something I saw, or felt nudged my shoulder, I could whip out the little pencil and write it down in black and white.

With the extra, exciting, relaxing time, and Adelia off each school day at 8:15 and not back home until 4:15, I could rest from my labors with a really good pencil in my hand. Thus, in and out of season a poem or piece of prose could be written.

I added to my Across the Years, and the Happiness and Other Poems, Shoes of Iron and Brass. It turns out that the printing of such as I write is too expensive to be practical. Even so, I have typed them, although I type slowly and poorly, into book-form with introduction and index, and had them professionally bound. One of the Introductions of the five volumes reads as follows:

Here is a collection from unpublished verses which I have written from time to time.

They are typed as I type, poorly; and even corrected with a pen while typing them, and even later when re-reading them.

No claim is made for excellence for many are not worth typing, but since "I did raise them from a puppy" as the bereft little dog-owner said, I did not like to discard the runts.

It may not be any joy to you to know that these are not all of them, and that as others are typed they will be bound as these are.

Why? I do not know except that it seems better to have them in compact form for any use anyone hereafter may wish to make of them.

John G. Truitt

August 27, 1967
Elon College, North Carolina

The volumes are titled: I Love Little Roads, The Lights Are On, A Verse To Cheer, At Writing Time, and Little Acre.

Here let me add that I have written a one-page homily on a selected verse in every one of the eleven hundred eighty-nine chapters of the Bible. To do this I read the chapter over carefully seeking a verse that seemed to bring some special devotional value, that verse then I used for the text of the devotional page. I began this as a devotional discipline many years ago. At first I went through the Authorized King James New Testament, followed that later with the Revised Standard version, and followed that more recently with the New English Bible version. I have kept type-written copies which I have hand-bound of these. There are many daily written prayers as well. In The Christian Sun files may be found many brief sermons and articles.

Enough, much too much, to show why this volume is titled Twelve Little Lead Pencils.

Chapter Twenty-Three - A Good Time for Work and Play

Being invited to serve interim pastorates, and to pulpit-supplying in various churches, have brought much joy to both Adelia and me. Among the interim pastorates: Carolina Church in Alamance County; Palm Street Church in Greensboro, N. C.; Virgilina Church, Virgilina, Va.; Henderson Church, Henderson, N. C.; Brick Church, Whitsett, N. C.; Haw River Church, Haw River, N. C.; Virgilina Church - 2nd time, Virgilina, Va.; Pleasant Hill Church, Liberty, N. C.; Brick Church - 2nd time, Whitsett, N. C.

For nearly three years I was the non-resident pastor of Monticello Church, at Browns Summit, N. C. These people won our hearts and showed so great appreciation from the very beginning. They knew us, as did all the others, by our good days at their Home for Children. We started with that feather already in our caps! They remain our dear friends.

It was while I was their pastor I had an operation at Duke Hospital, Durham, N. C. by the famous eye-surgeon Dr. Banks Anderson, upon the recommendation of Dr. Don Kernodle of Burlington, N. C. I was in the hospital fifteen days for detached retina operation. For those days I learned what it was to lie in bed in complete darkness except in moments of examination. I am indebted to many for much kindness. Ann, our daughter, came from Tampa, Florida, to help her mother, a librarian on duty, and me. She would arrive at my breakfast time, going home in time to let Adelia come as soon as she got out of school and be with me till my early bedtime.

Awaiting Eye Surgery

We trust you, sir, the doctor said,
Don't turn your face, don't lift your head;
By day and night by strength of will
Your darkened eyes you must keep still.

How strange it was with eyes 'darked' out,
No chance to see the folks about,
No difference in the day or night,
No color line, no 'black', no 'white'.

Oft left alone and stretched out straight
With naught to do save wait and wait;
Then came my daughter's voice to me
Ah! then, just then, my mind could see.

My heart leaped up in glad surprise,
For there she stood with seeing eyes,
With gratitude I was aware,
She stood by me my 'dark' to share.

Be Thou, O Christ, both near and kind
To sightless eyes that they may find
Thy grace enough for any fate,
And play their hands on heaven's gate!

In due time the operation was done. Dr. Donald E. Vermodle kept me out of my pulpit for two months longer. I am writing these lines without glasses, having never yet, life long, worn glasses. And I shall be eighty my next birthday.

My dear Monticello Church people visited me, sent me messages, prayed for me; and while I was convalescing they gave me the Kennedy rockingchair, which, by the way, any more, comes in very handy. During my tenure with them they grew in spirit and numbers, and decided to build a parsonage in order that they might have a resident minister.

After my Monticello experience I became an interim minister of the famous old Brick Church, founded in 1742. This was an Evangelical and Reformed Church with customs and liturgy somewhat different from what I was accustomed to. It was in a thrifty, rather sparsely settled, rural community. Loveable, happy, contented. The aged, old brick sanctuary still stands at the edge of the rock-walled cemetery, which bears the names of fathers for several generations. Their membership was comfortably small, but active and devout. A new day was catching up with them, which they liked.

Their shortly-out-of-seminary-minister became restless and decided to enter military chaplaincy. A committee came to see if I could supply their pulpit for a month or two until they could find a pastor. I agreed. It was but a little more than ten miles from Elon.

They were in a spirit of progress. Some few years ago they had built an excellent Sunday School building, and were having their morning worship services in its general assembly room. Adelia and I arrived about the end of Sunday School. The chairman of the consistory, J. B. Shaw, met us and showed me around, giving me an order of service, explaining the general procedure of how the choir and minister assumed their places. I had a brief conference with the choir and pianist and we were ready and off for the service.

My heart was, as ever, lifted in prayer that I might be God's servant, and fulfill His desire in leading the people in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and the worship in the Spirit.

Well, the "month or two" to which I agreed turned out to be fifteen months, nearly a year and a half, and one of my most delightful experiences. Like their forebears of several generations ago, they were very devout, honest and thrifty. They are unafraid of honest toil, loved their farms and goodly homes. They were very business-like in the church's business meetings, spoke their piece in kindness and openly, and carried their motions by secret ballot with everyone required to vote.

At the time Adelia and I came along the foundation of their new sanctuary was being laid. They seemed to greatly appreciate my Scripture-filled sermons. During the first year of my preaching thirteen new members were received. The work of building progressed. I had the rich privilege of conducting the opening service of the new sanctuary, the first reception of new members, first christening, first adult baptism, and the first wedding. They gave Adelia and me praise, gifts, and extra kindnesses. When I required them to let me go they soon found a young minister. Later when he went back to his native New York state I supplied for them five more months until they could find their present pastor. Their church is paid for, and they and we are very happy.

During the fifth month of my five-months ministry I was permitted to announce that on August the first the Rev. Joshua L. Levens would become their pastor, and that he and Mrs. Levens would move into the re-decorated parsonage the last week in July. Thus for five additional months we had enjoyed the rich fellowship, and had served them with unabated enthusiasm. They were most kind to Adelia and me. While there this time they increased my wages and surprisingly enough made an additional financial gift.

How well I remember the date because knowing the score I had accepted an invitation to return to Dayton, Ohio, live in the parsonage while their minister was on his vacation, and preach for them the first three Sundays in August.

Thus on July 30, 1969 we were off for Dayton. We stopped on our way and spent late afternoon and night in the home of Dr. and Mrs. George F. Jones, at Lancaster, Ohio, who was a teenager when I was his pastor in Dayton, and who, by the way came to Suffolk, Va., to have me perform his and Marge's wedding ceremony. As I often say, how about that! The next day by late afternoon we arrived at the home of the dearest of friends, Leslie and Marimae Mikesell Mapp, owners of the Mike-Sells Potato Chip Company. Mr. Mapp, chairman of the board of deacons of the Riverdale Church where I was to preach, was also manager of the Miami Valley Dairy Association.

To put it briefly, let me say it was a landmark in lovely experiences. Although thirty-six years had lapsed since we left Dayton for Suffolk there were many good friends who knew us then and welcomed us with open arms, and doors. We were entertained for lunch and dinner daily. The parsonage was most comfortable and well supplied with everything. After breakfast I attended the pastor's study from 9:00 to 11:00 for conferences or calls. This was much appreciated and helped me to make my sermons fresh and relevant.

My brother Howard's children had grown up in Ohio, near Dayton, and they, their children, grandchildren and in-laws helped to increase the congregation. They added much joy to our days there. In Dayton it was a kind of 'old home week' every day!

As we returned home we paid a short visit with our longtime friend Crump P. Strickland, Columbus, Ohio, and visited Adelia's cousin William Morel and Juanita at Wheeling, W. Va. for a day and night, then to State College, Pennsylvania, where my Princeton classmate Joe Woods, Jr. and Sidney, his wife, gave us a long-awaited welcome for three lovely days and nights. We have kept up our friendship across the years. He and Sidney are folks lovely to know. On August 22 we were safely and happily home.

If By Words

If by my words or work or plan
Some other lives are blest,
I'll put my efforts in God's hand
And leave to Him the rest.

It's not to make a record great,
Nor win the game I play;
I wish to give unselfish help
To others on the way.

It's not to count the friends I have
Nor who my friends may be;
I'd rather ask how many folks
Have found a friend in me.

- from Happiness and Other Poems

I still supply a pulpit now and then. Enjoy reading from my verses in after dinner speeches, and to high school English classes. I still enjoy my hobby of writing. And I delight in the exercise of keeping our lawn and tending the gardens. I am inserting a few blank pages for any use I may make of them.